MARVEL
1
MAKE MINE MARVEL
BRBY
VAL
CULLEN BUNN • MARK BAGLEY • JOHN DELL • EDGAR DELGADO
DEADPOOL
Assassin

SELECTED FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR AND ABILITY TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND, WADE WILSON USES HIS TALENTS TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY, AND CERTAINLY IT'S MOST ANNOYING.

KNOWN AS THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH AND GIFTED WITH A BLOODLUST THAT JUST WON'T QUIT, WADE MAKES HIS MONEY AS A GUN FOR HIRE. SO FOR ALL YOUR HOMICIDAL NEEDS, NO QUESTION ASKED AND PLENTY OF TASTELESS QUIPS DELIVERED WITH MAXIMUM POSSIBLE TRAUMA, CALL...

DEADPOOL *Assassin*

CULLEN BUNN
writer

MARK BAGLEY
penciler

JOHN DELL
inker

EDGAR DELGADO
color artst

VC's JOE SABINO
letterer

MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL and VAL STAPLES
cover artists

BILL SIENKIEWICZ
variant cover artist

LAUREN AMARO assistant editor **DEVIN LEWIS** editor

C.B. CEBULSKI editor in chief **JOE QUESADA** chief creative officer **DAN BUCKLEY** president **ALAN FINE** executive producer

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OVER BAGALIA,
THE "RED-LIGHT NATION."

FIVE MINUTES TO DROP-ZONE.

REMEMBER THAT OP IN COLOMBIA...WHEN WE HIT THE CABERA CARTEL?

DIDN'T NEED ALL THIS FANCY ORDNANCE TO GET THE JOB DONE.

THOSE WERE *GOOD TIMES.*

THIS AIN'T COLOMBIA.

TIMES CHANGE.

THEN AGAIN...TIMES DON'T.

TIGHTEN IT UP, EVERYBODY.

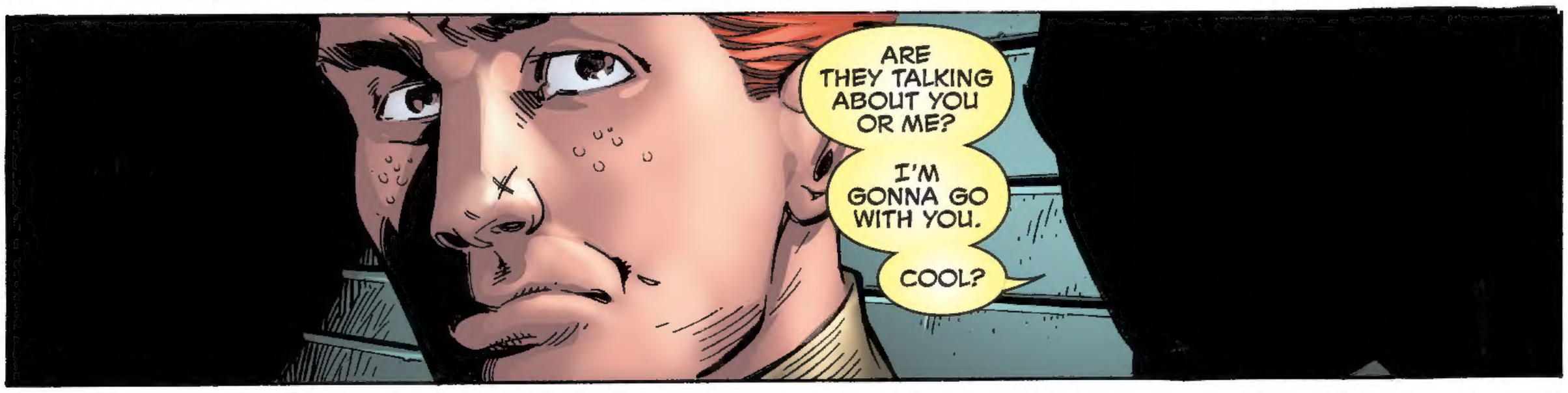
ONCE WE MAKE THE JUMP, WE'RE *FOCUSED* 'TIL THE JOB IS DONE.

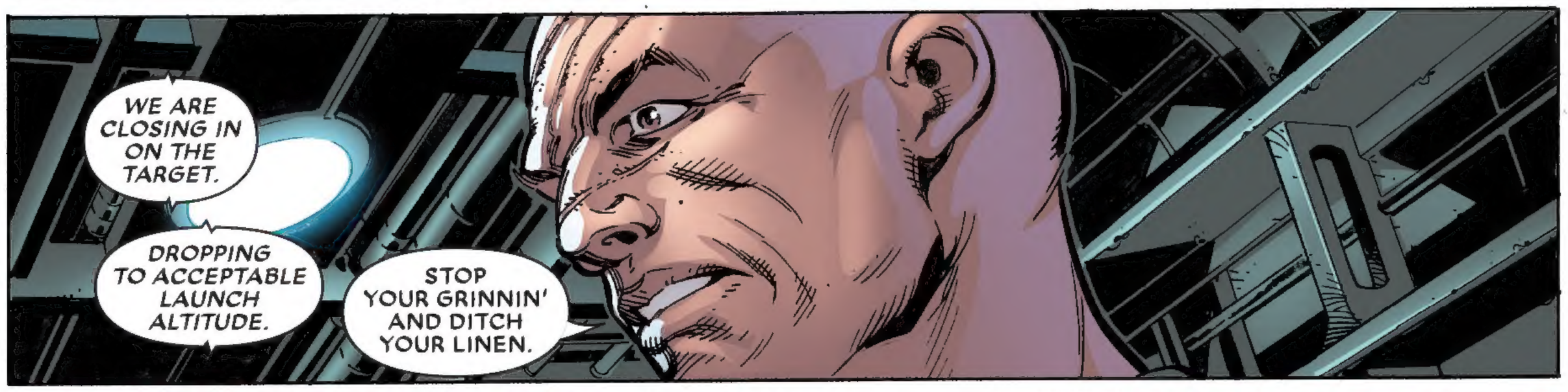
GAME FACES.

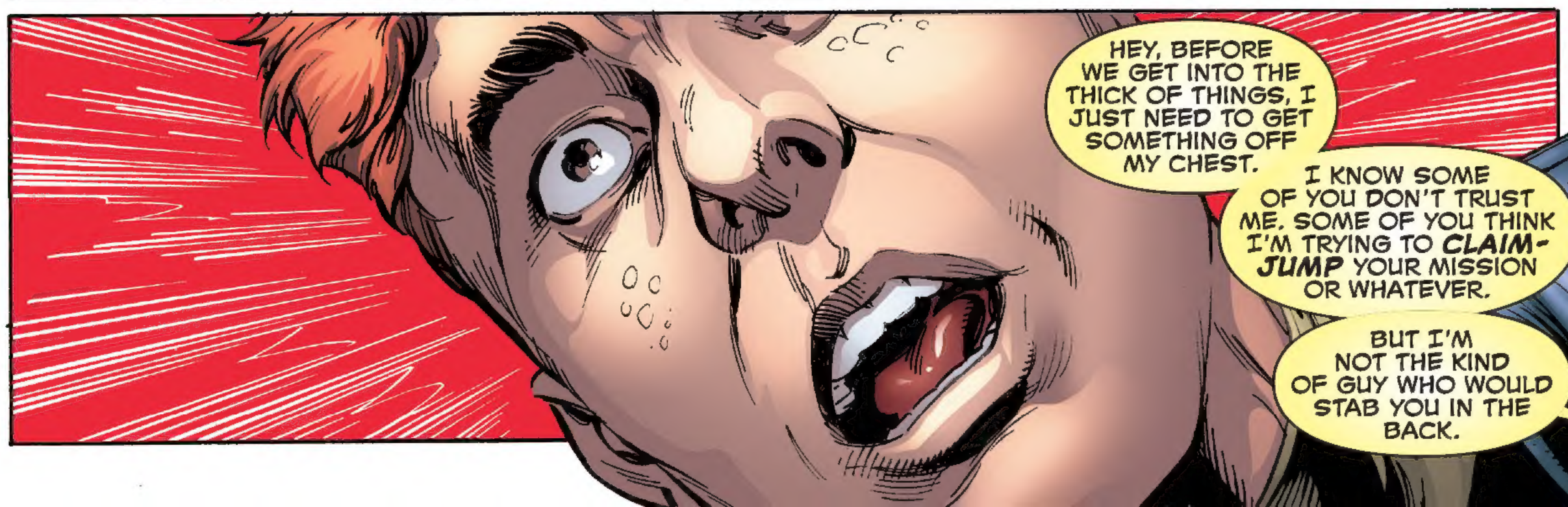
JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED.
STRAP IN AND LET FLY.
WE GO IN HARD AND FAST.

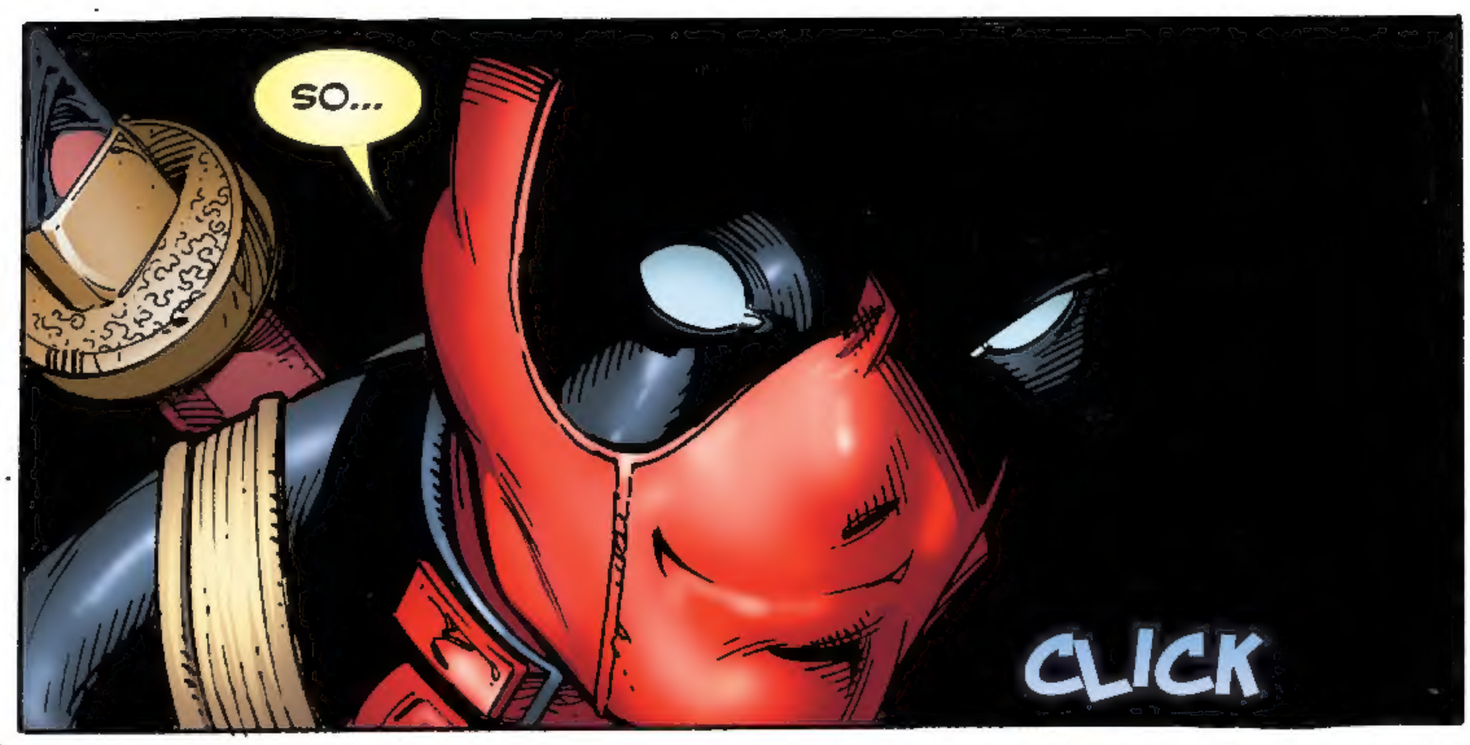
WOO!
I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, KID, BUT ALL THIS MACHO MERCENARY BANTER HAS GIVEN ME THE VAPORS!
Y'THINK THEY OFFER COLD SHOWERS AT THE DROP ZONE?

WHY'D WE BRING HIM ALONG AGAIN?
I DON'T LIKE IT, SCARS.
NEW FISH COMING ALONG ON A SCORE LIKE THIS.
WASN'T YOUR CALL, WAS IT? THE CLIENT SAYS HE COMES ALONG, HE COMES ALONG.


ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT YOU OR ME?
I'M GONNA GO WITH YOU.
COOL?


WE ARE CLOSING IN ON THE TARGET.
DROPPING TO ACCEPTABLE LAUNCH ALTITUDE.
STOP YOUR GRINNIN' AND DITCH YOUR LINEN.


HEY, BEFORE WE GET INTO THE THICK OF THINGS, I JUST NEED TO GET SOMETHING OFF MY CHEST.
I KNOW SOME OF YOU DON'T TRUST ME. SOME OF YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO CLAIM-JUMP YOUR MISSION OR WHATEVER.
BUT I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY WHO WOULD STAB YOU IN THE BACK.



BLAM

BLAM

...WHO'S NEXT?

BRAKKA BRAK-BRAKKA

ACK--

BLAM BLAM

BRAKKA

BLAM

I WANT YOU ALL TO KNOW, THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL.

YES, I KIND OF THINK YOU'RE SCUM AND THAT YOU DESERVE TO DIE FOR THE NUMEROUS ATROCITIES YOU'VE COMMITTED.

OW!

BUT I ALSO THINK THAT UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, WE COULD'VE BEEN FRIENDS.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON BACK THERE?

IS THAT GUNFIRE?

YOU CAN'T SHOOT GUNS ON A PLANE!

YOU GUYS HEAR THOSE DISEMBODIED, SCOLDING VOICES, TOO, RIGHT?

BECAUSE THAT IS A RABBIT HOLE I ***DO NOT*** WANT TO FALL DOWN AGAIN.

HRRK!

SGGLK

GUYS, GUYS, GUYS!

THIS IS GONNA BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU STOP SHOOTING ME AND JUST TAKE THESE LETHAL SWORD STRIKES LIKE ***PROFESSIONALS!***

BLAM

BLAM

I MEAN, SOME OF THESE BULLETS DON'T PASS RIGHT THROUGH.

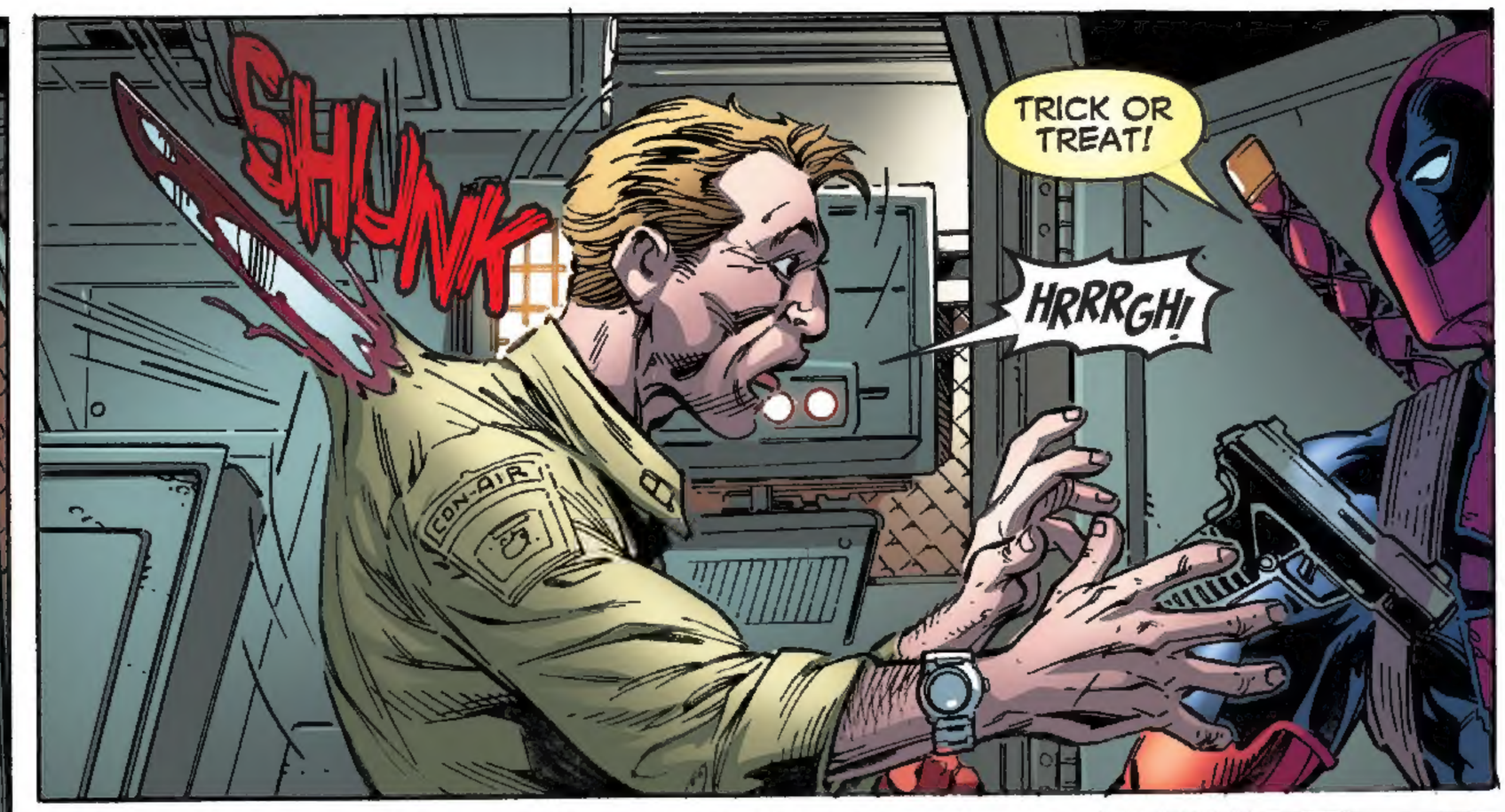
B-BLAM

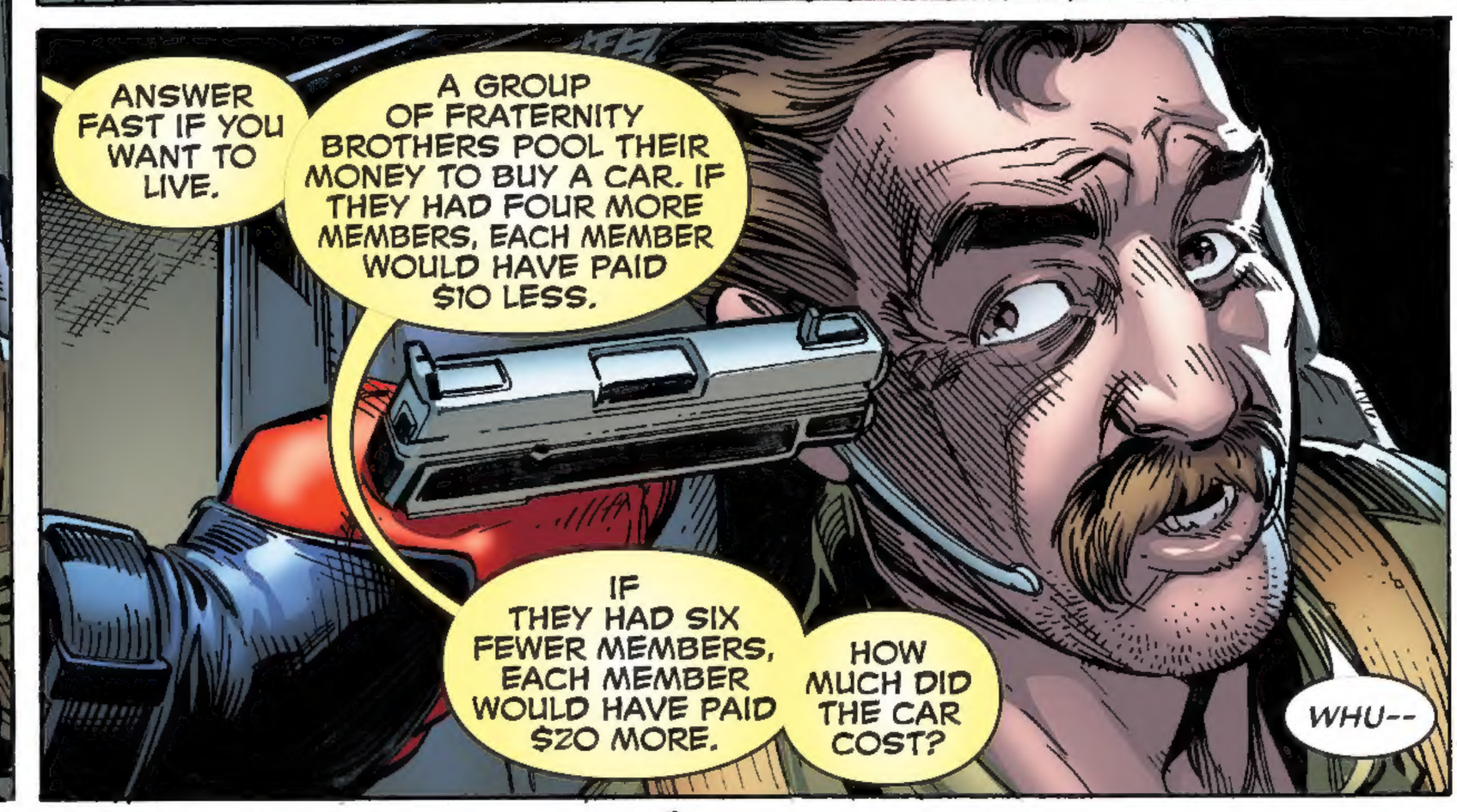
BLAM

THEY GET LODGED, GUYS. ***LODGED!***

AND ***NO*** AMOUNT OF FIBER HELPS WITH THAT!

WHATEVER'S GOING ON, THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT THE PLANE FULL OF HOLES.
SHUT UP.
YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE A FIREARM IN HAND, RIGHT?


SHUNK
TRICK OR TREAT!
HRRRGH!
CON-AIR


ANSWER FAST IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
A GROUP OF FRATERNITY BROTHERS POOL THEIR MONEY TO BUY A CAR. IF THEY HAD FOUR MORE MEMBERS, EACH MEMBER WOULD HAVE PAID $10 LESS.
IF THEY HAD SIX FEWER MEMBERS, EACH MEMBER WOULD HAVE PAID $20 MORE.
HOW MUCH DID THE CAR COST?
WHU--

BDANG!
TOO SLOW.
I BET I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
YOU'RE WONDERING, "DEADPOOL, WHY'D YOU ICE THOSE DUDES LIKE THAT? ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PILOT THAT PLANE ON YOUR OWN?"
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SINCE YOU ASKED SO NICELY.
BUT NOT HERE.

SEE, ALL THIS STARTED JUST A FEW DAYS AGO.
THERE I WAS, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS...
...WHEN I GOT THIS CALL FROM MY OLD PAL--
--WEASEL.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
YOUR MOM, WEASEL. I'M TALKING TO YOUR MOM.
THAT'S NOT COOL, WADE.
YOU'RE RIGHT. SORRY.
I WAS TALKING TO YOUR DAD.
LOOK... WADE...DO YOU WANT TO TALK BUSINESS OR NOT?
WEASEL WAFFLES CEREAL
HEY--WHY'RE YOU SO JUMPY?
I MEAN... JUMPIER THAN USUAL.
AND WHY ARE WE MEETING IN A GROCERY STORE?

PUBLIC MEETING PLACE.
SHIFTIER-THAN-USUAL MANNERISMS.
WEASEL O' WAFFLES
BEADY LITTLE EYES DARTING BEHIND THOSE COKE-BOTTLE LENSES.
ARE YOU IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE?
IS SOMEBODY OUT TO GET YOU?
JUST POINT 'EM OUT TO ME.
I'LL LEAVE A CLEANUP ON AISLE FOUR.
HEY, MAN. CHILL.
IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT, ALL RIGHT?
THERE'S NO NEED TO CAUSE A SCENE.
JUST HEAR ME OUT AND WE CAN BOTH BE ON OUR WAY, ALL RIGHT?
COME ON, WEEZ.
CAUSING A SCENE, THAT'S *MY* GIG.
IT'S THE ONE CHARMING ASPECT OF MERC LIFE I PLAN ON KEEPING ONCE I RETIRE.
RIGHT. WHATEVER YOU SAY, WADE.
YOU'RE ABOUT AS LIKELY TO CALL IT *QUITS* AS I AM.
WET WORK'S IN YOUR *BLOOD* JUST LIKE IT'S IN *MINE*.
IF THIS IS SOME HALF-ASS WAY OF GETTING A BIGGER CUT, YOU CAN SAVE IT FOR SOMEONE WHO'S A LITTLE MORE *GULLIBLE*.

THAT DUDE CALLS HIMSELF *SHUTEN DŌJI*. HE'S A FORMER MEMBER OF THE HAND.
BROKE OUT ON HIS OWN AND HAD THE STONES TO KEEP HIMSELF ALIVE WHILE DOING IT.
BUILT HIMSELF A LITTLE ARMY OF PAJAMA-CLAD NINJA... STARTED AMASSING A NASTY LITTLE HIGH-TECH ARSENAL.

BUT YOU DON'T GAIN THAT KIND OF POWER WITHOUT MAKING *ENEMIES*.
AND SHUTEN'S ENEMIES WANT HIM DEAD IN A MAJOR WAY.
HE'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR THEM TO SEND THEIR OWN PEOPLE, AND JUST BOTHERSOME ENOUGH FOR THEM TO CONTRACT OUT THE *WET WORK*.

THIS IS FUN.
IT'S LIKE TINDER, ONLY FOR KILLING.
CAN I DOWNLOAD THIS FROM THE APP STORE?

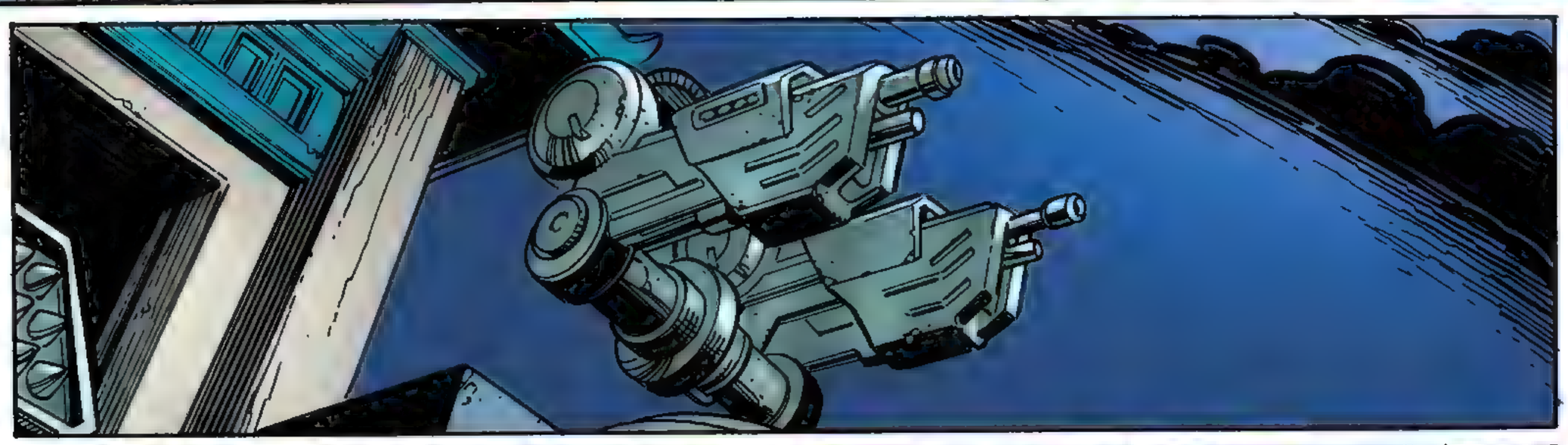
SAMSON "*SCARS*" GREEN.
RUNS HIS OWN MERCENARY OUTFIT, MOSTLY FORMER HYDRA, BUT SOME ULTIMATUM AND EVEN S.H.I.E.L.D. BURNOUTS IN THE MIX.
THEY CONTRACT OUT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, DOING ALL SORTS OF NO-QUESTIONS-ASKED ASSIGNMENTS.

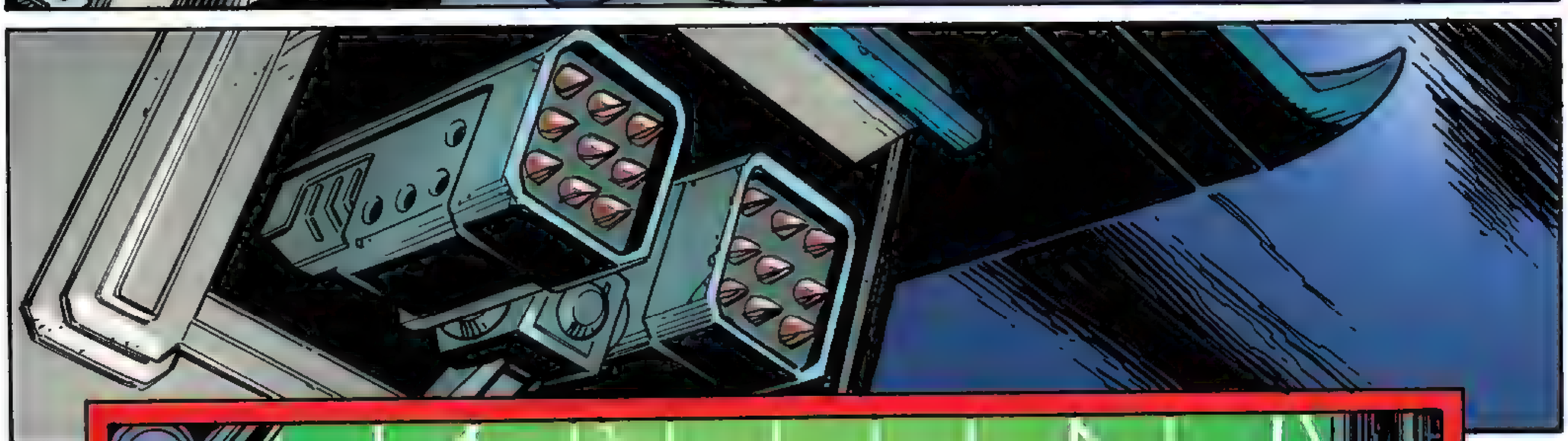
AND "*NO QUESTIONS ASKED*" MEANS "*BLOODY*."
ASSASSINATION, KIDNAPPING, GOVERNMENT COUPS.
LAST YEAR, THEY BURNED DOWN A VILLAGE IN NICARAGUA... NOT BECAUSE IT WAS PART OF THE JOB, BUT BECAUSE THEY WERE BORED.

BOTH HIGH-VALUE TARGETS.
LOTS OF MONEY TO BE MADE.
YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL ME--

"--WHICH ONE GETS YOUR MOTOR RUNNING."
THE DECISION WASN'T THAT TOUGH, REALLY.
I MEAN--LOOK--THESE MERCS ARE BAD NEWS. THEY'VE GOT NO CODE OF HONOR.
AND WHEN ONE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE STARTS BEHAVING LIKE A REPROBATE, WELL, THAT JUST GIVES US TRUE PROFESSIONALS A BLACK EYE.
OF COURSE, GOOD OL' SCARS AND HIS DEAD CRONIES STILL HAVE THEIR USES.
BECAUSE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I DISLIKE MORE THAN SHIFTLESS MERCS...

"...IT'S NINJAS IN DEMON MASKS."

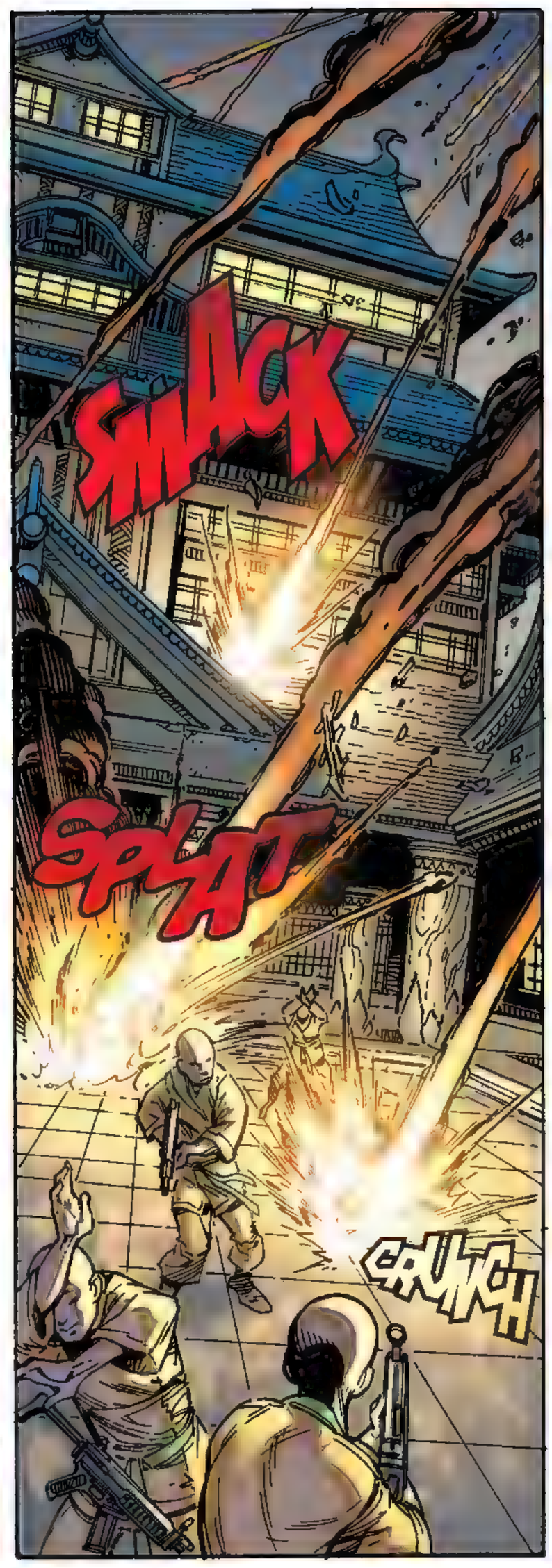


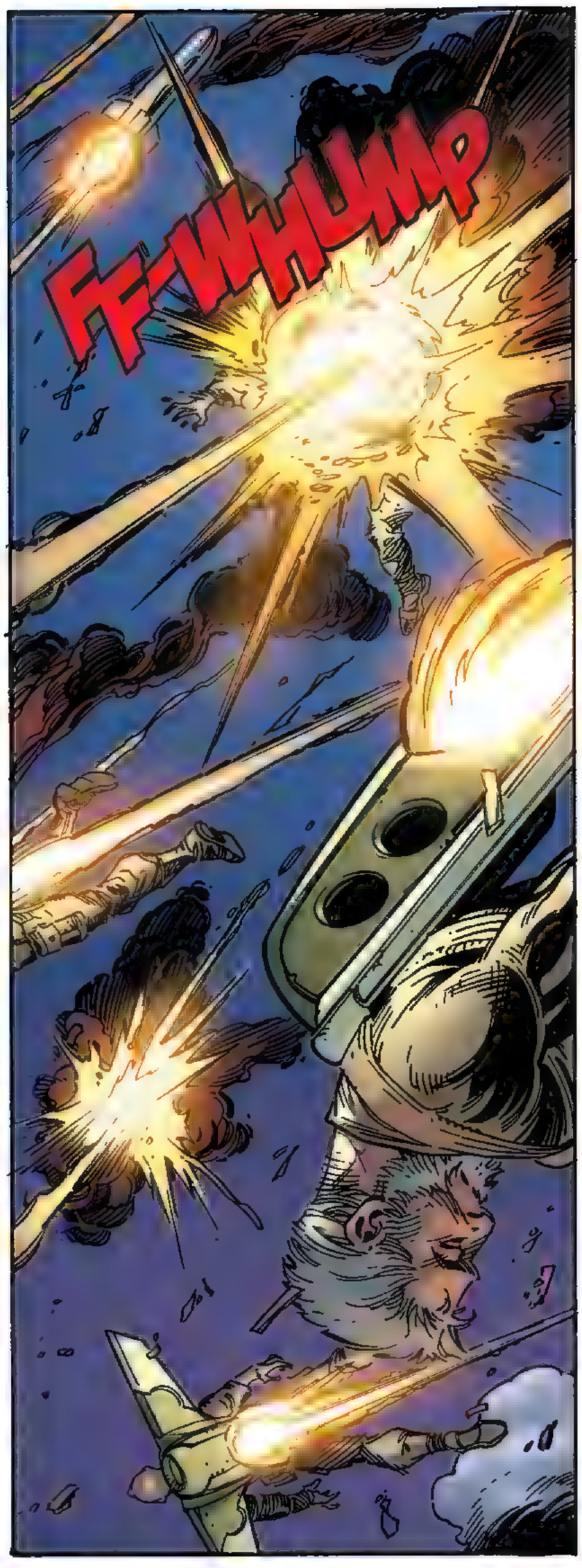


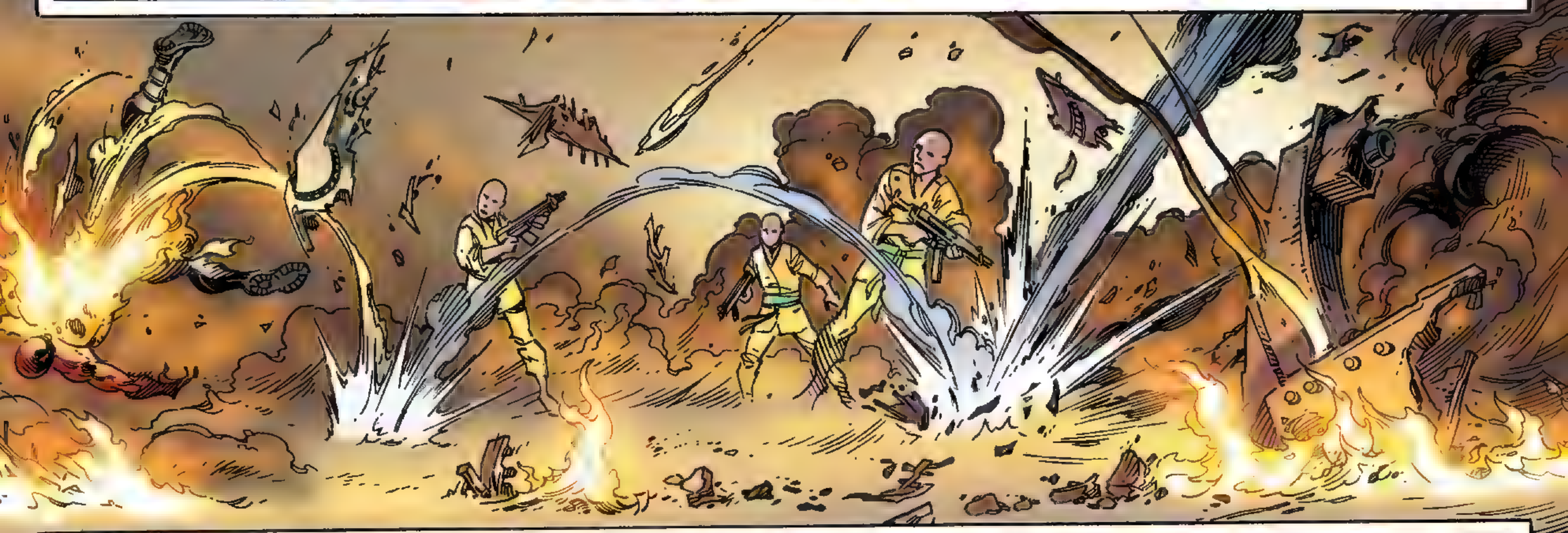
SHUTEN DÖJI! MY LORD!
WE HAVE DETECTED A PLANE!
IT HAS ENTERED OUR AIRSPACE!
YES.
I HAVE SENSED IT.
HAVE IT SHOT DOWN AT ONCE.
NO SURVIVORS.
NO NEED TO TELL ME WHEN IT IS DONE.
"I EXPECT NOTHING LESS."

THEY'RE LAUNCHING AN ATTACK!
IT'S *SUICIDE!*
WA-BLOOOM

BOOM
WHOOM
B-BOOM


SMACK
SPLAT
CRUNCH

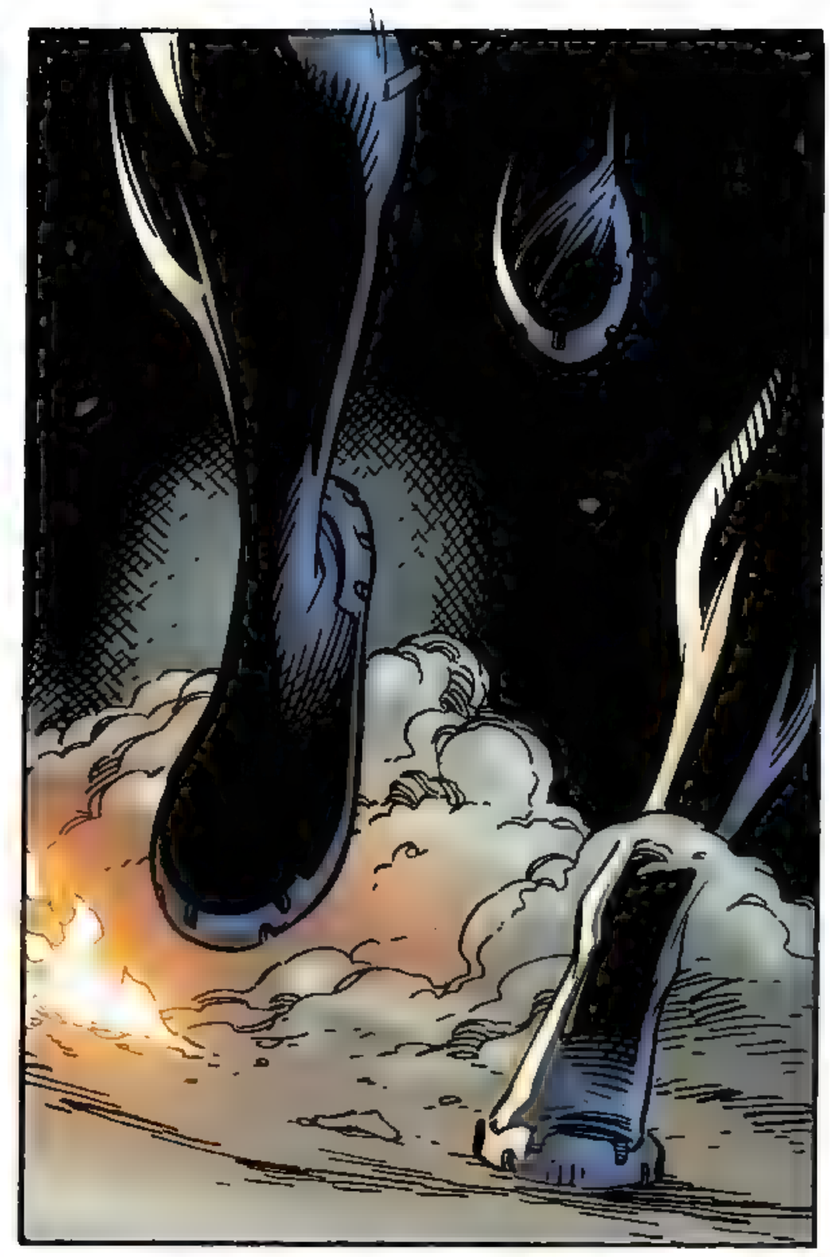

FF-WHUMP

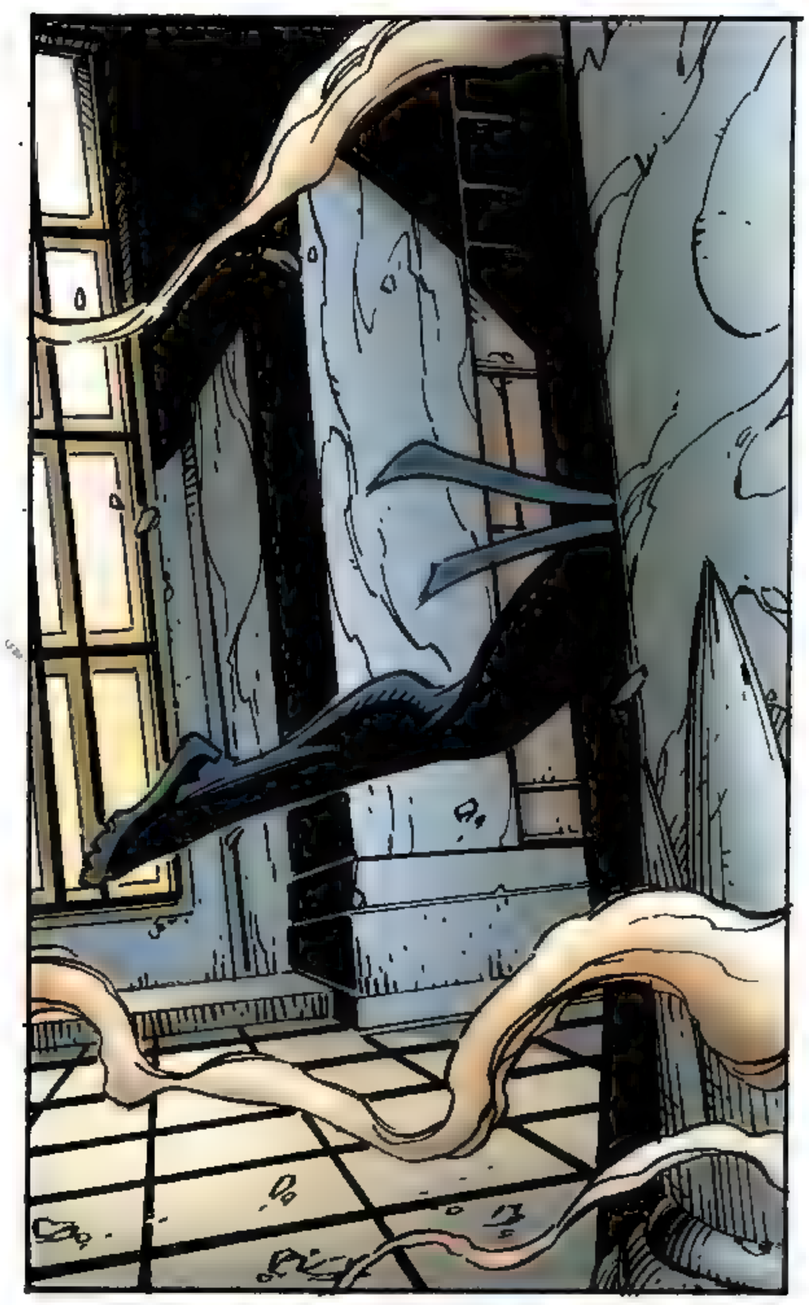


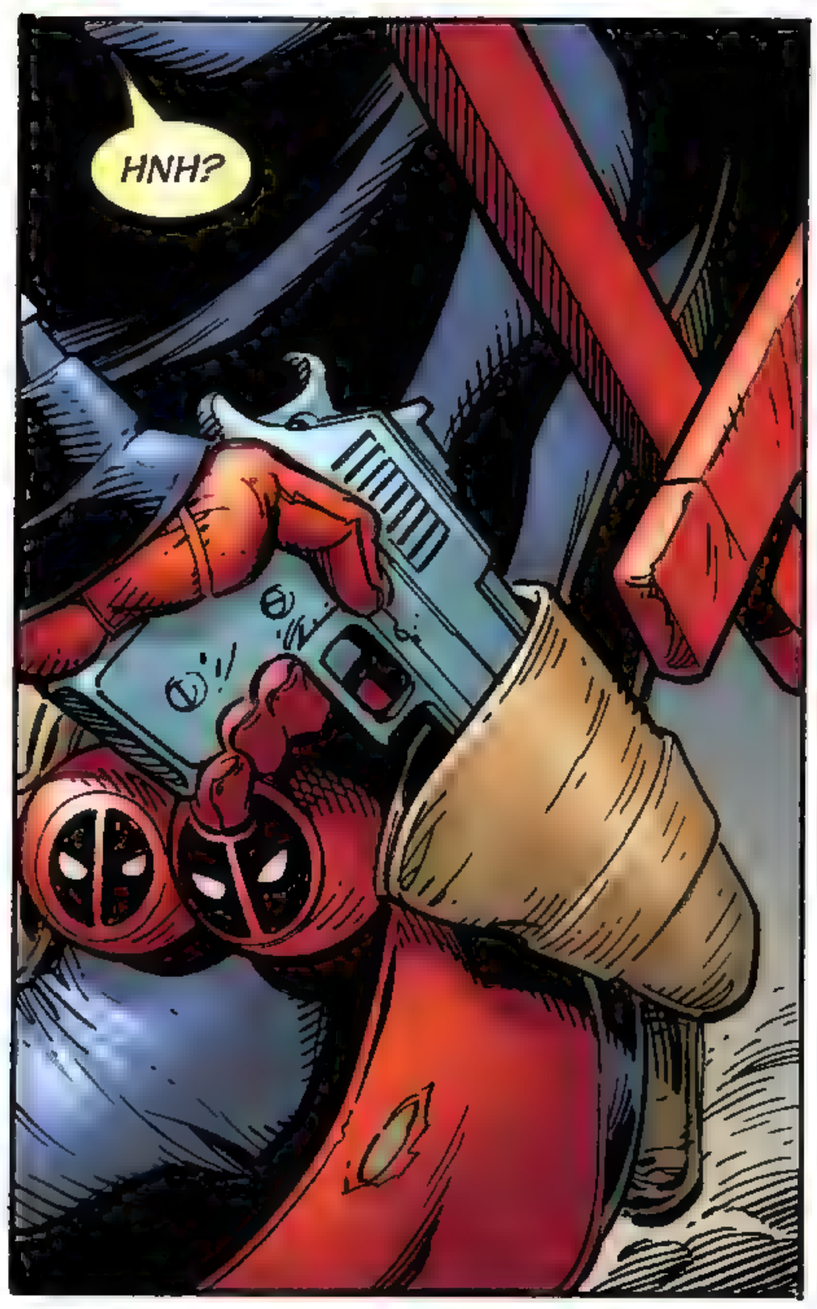
THIS ONE...
...I THINK HE'S STILL ALI--

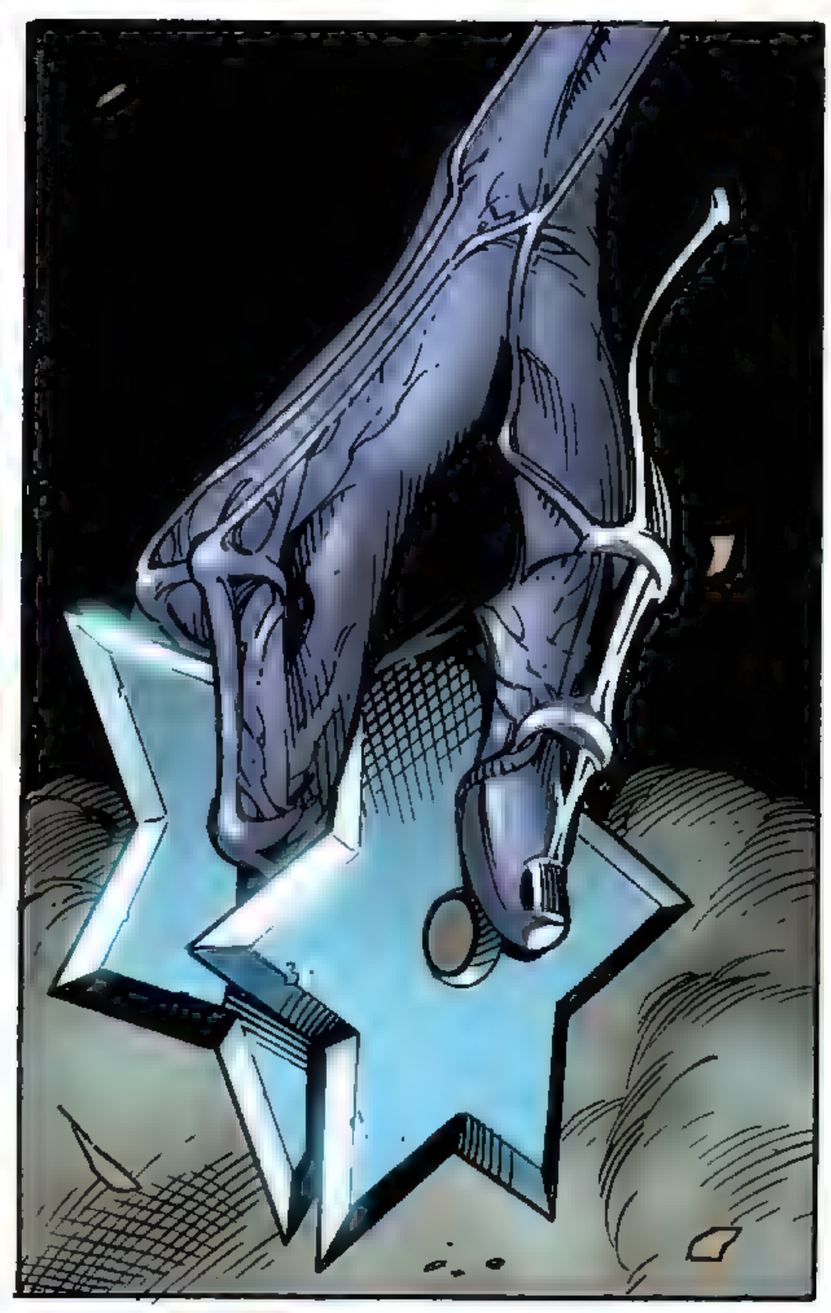
HEY, HEY! HEAR THE MONK'S SCREAM...AND THEY THOUGHT I WAS DEAD ON THE GROUND!
NOW THEY'RE TOO BUSY DYING... TO CUT ANY INTERLOPERS DOWN!
SHUNK
I BREAK THE MOST SWORDS WHILE FALLING OUT OF EXPLODING PLANES.
AIIEEE!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAAAAAAK
STEP RIGHT UP!
COME SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BRAK-BRAK-BRAKKA-BRAK
HUH.
I KINDA HAD MY HEART SET ON NINJAS.

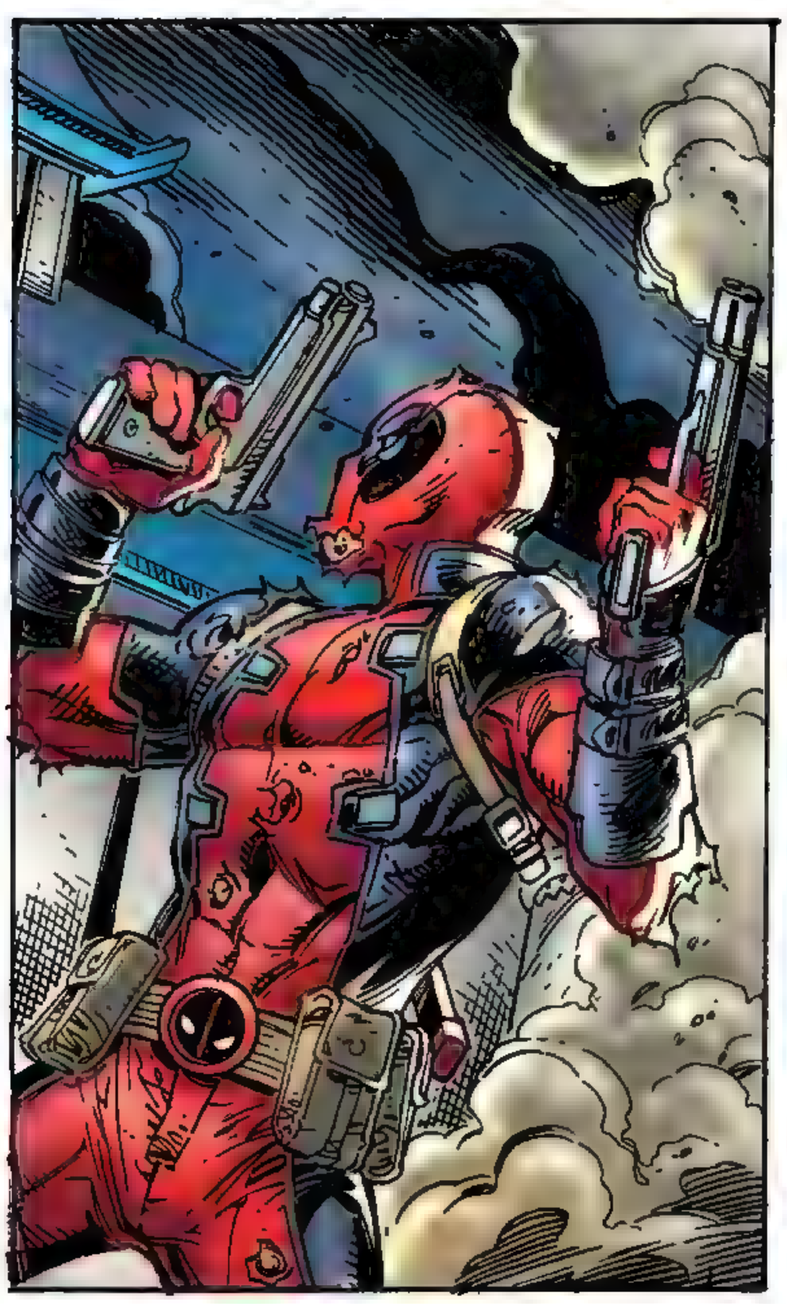
SCHNAP

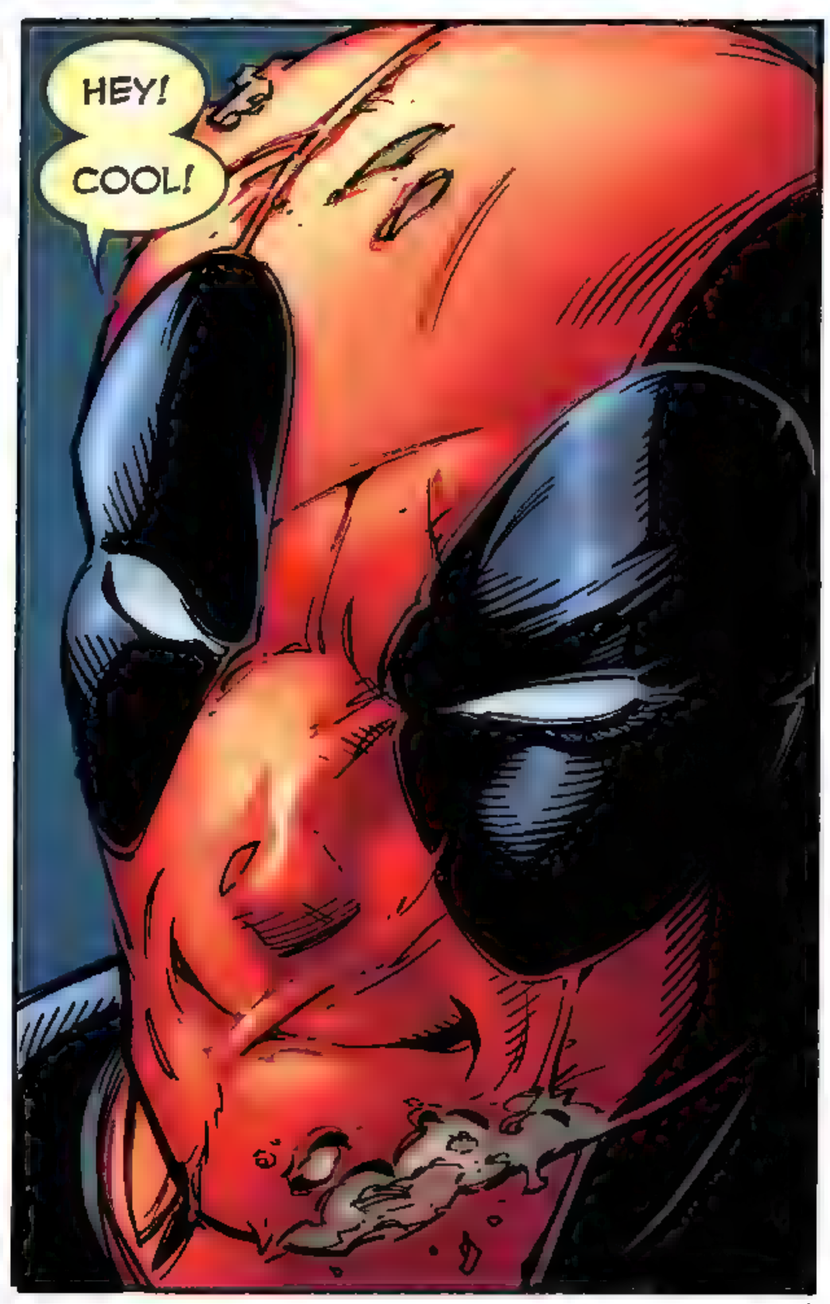




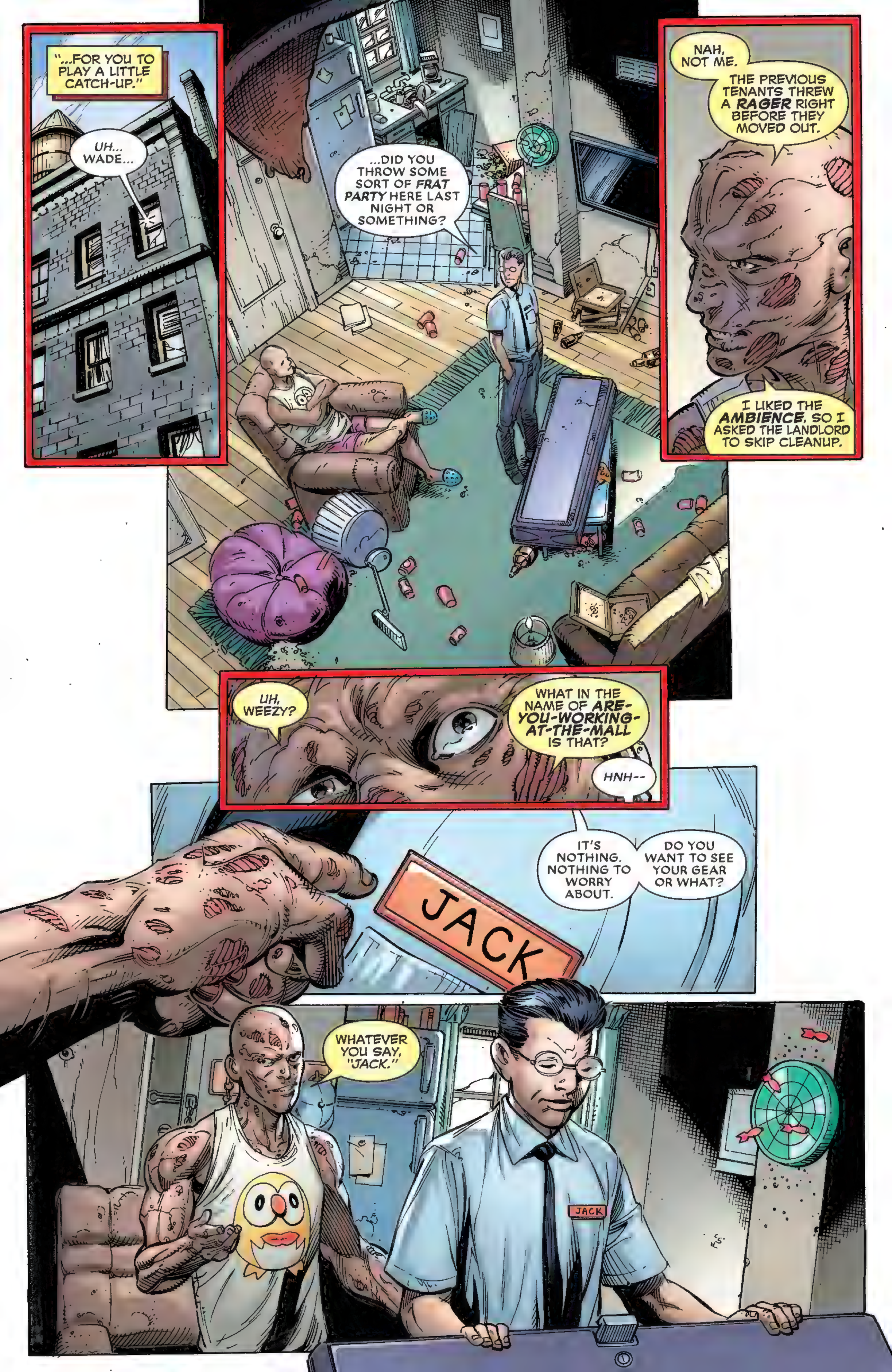

HNH?






HEY!
COOL!

I KNEW IT!
I JUST KNEW THERE'D BE NINJAS!
AND YOU DIDN'T LET ME DOWN, MENACING JAPANESE CASTLE!
YOU CAME THROUGH FOR ME!
WHAT HAPPENS FOR THE NEXT MINUTE OR SO IS A KIND OF NINJA STANDOFF.
THESE GUYS ARE TRYING TO USE THEIR CHI OR WHATEVER TO DOMINATE ME EVEN BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS.
ME, ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M PLAYING WU-TANG LYRICS OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD.
IT'S KIND OF A PERFECT TIME...


"...FOR YOU TO PLAY A LITTLE CATCH-UP."
UH... WADE...
...DID YOU THROW SOME SORT OF FRAT PARTY HERE LAST NIGHT OR SOMETHING?
NAH, NOT ME.
THE PREVIOUS TENANTS THREW A RAGER RIGHT BEFORE THEY MOVED OUT.
I LIKED THE AMBIENCE, SO I ASKED THE LANDLORD TO SKIP CLEANUP.
UH, WEEZY?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF ARE-YOU-WORKING-AT-THE-MALL IS THAT?
HNH--
IT'S NOTHING. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
DO YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR GEAR OR WHAT?
JACK
WHATEVER YOU SAY, "JACK."
JACK

HERE YA GO.

EVERYTHING A GROWING BOY NEEDS TO INFLICT GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE ON MERCENARIES AND NINJAS ALIKE.

THAT'LL DO, WEASEL.

THAT'LL DO.

AND DID YOU MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ME TO JOIN UP WITH THE MERCS?

YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

LOOK, YOU WANT TO TAKE BOTH JOBS, THAT'S FINE.

BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD DO THEM ONE AT A TIME, Y'KNOW?

DOUBLE-DIPPING LIKE THIS...

...IT COULD GET A LITTLE HAIRY.

EFFICIENCY'S THE NAME OF THE GAME.

MIGHT AS WELL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

I KNOW THIS IS A SWEET APARTMENT AND ALL...

...BUT THIS ISN'T WHERE I'M PUTTING DOWN ROOTS WHEN I RETIRE...

...AND ISLANDS COST A LOT.

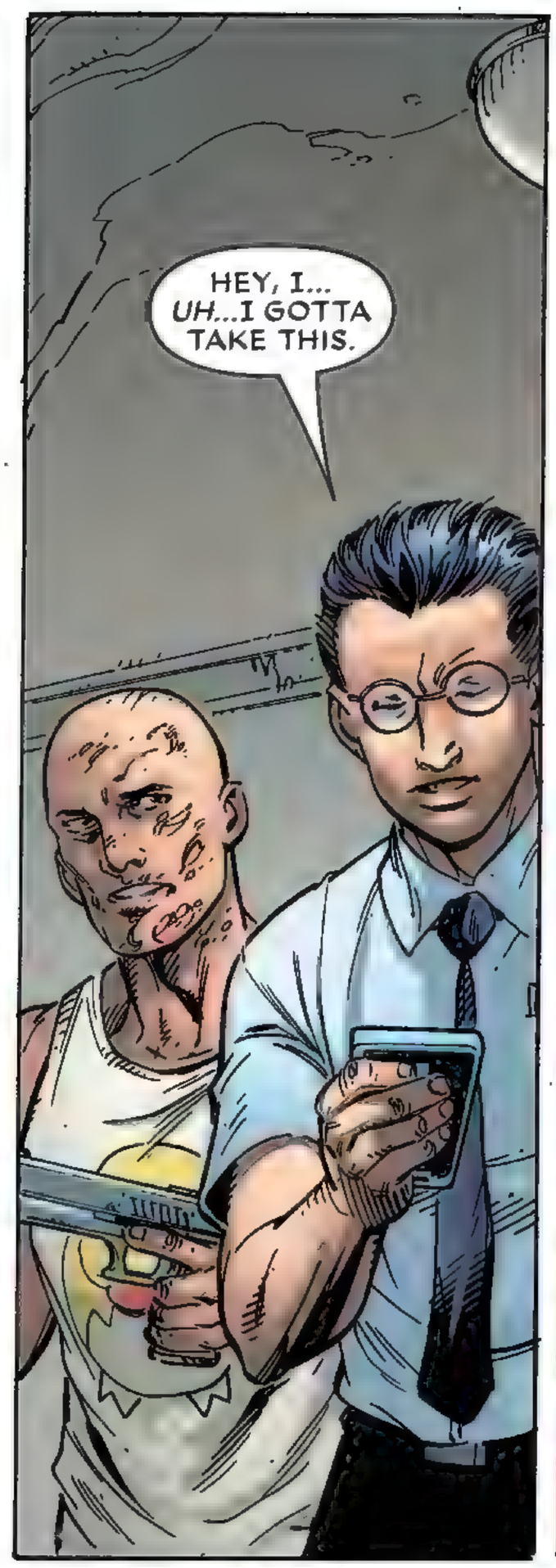
DON'T START WITH *THAT* AGAIN.

I'M NOT LIKE YOU, I GUESS. AT LEAST, NOT ANYMORE.

BEING A MERC, THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN. LATELY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... ***NORMAL.***

THE JOB DOESN'T THRILL ME ANYMORE, AND WHEN THAT'S THE CASE, IT'S TIME TO--

RRR IINNG!!!


HEY, I... UH...I GOTTA TAKE THIS.

H-HELLO?
HEY, WHAT'S UP?
PSST.
YEAH. OF COURSE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.
WHO IS IT? WHO'RE WE TAKING CARE OF?
TWO DOZEN? YOU'VE GOT IT.
TWO DOZEN? TWO DOZEN TARGETS? I'M IN!
JAC

I'LL PICK IT UP ON THE WAY.
YOOHOO! WEASEL!
HEY...UH... I GOTTA RUN, OKAY?

NO, OF COURSE NOT. I'D NEVER RUSH OFF THE PHONE.
WHO... IS...IT?
JACK

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER, ALL RIGHT?
YOU BET.
Y-YOU, TOO.

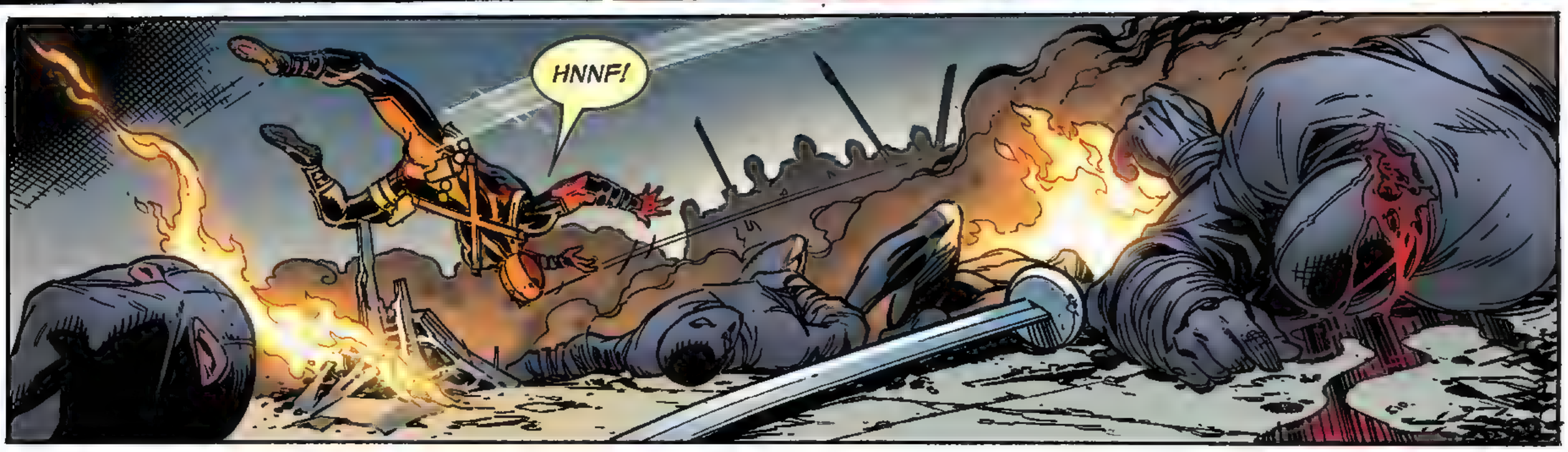
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I WAS SAYING?
I WAS SAYING HOW I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS EXISTENTIAL CRISIS...HOPING TO PULL JUST A FEW MORE GIGS AND THEN REDEFINING MYSELF...MAYBE SETTLING DOWN.
YEAH, OKAY. GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
A COMPLETE OVERHAUL OF WHO YOU ARE AT A FUNDAMENTAL LEVEL?
I HEAR IT'S JUST AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.

YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED. YOU KNOW WHEN SCARS' TEAM IS HEADING OUT.
CALL AS SOON AS THE JOB'S DONE.
"I SHOULD WARN YOU GUYS."

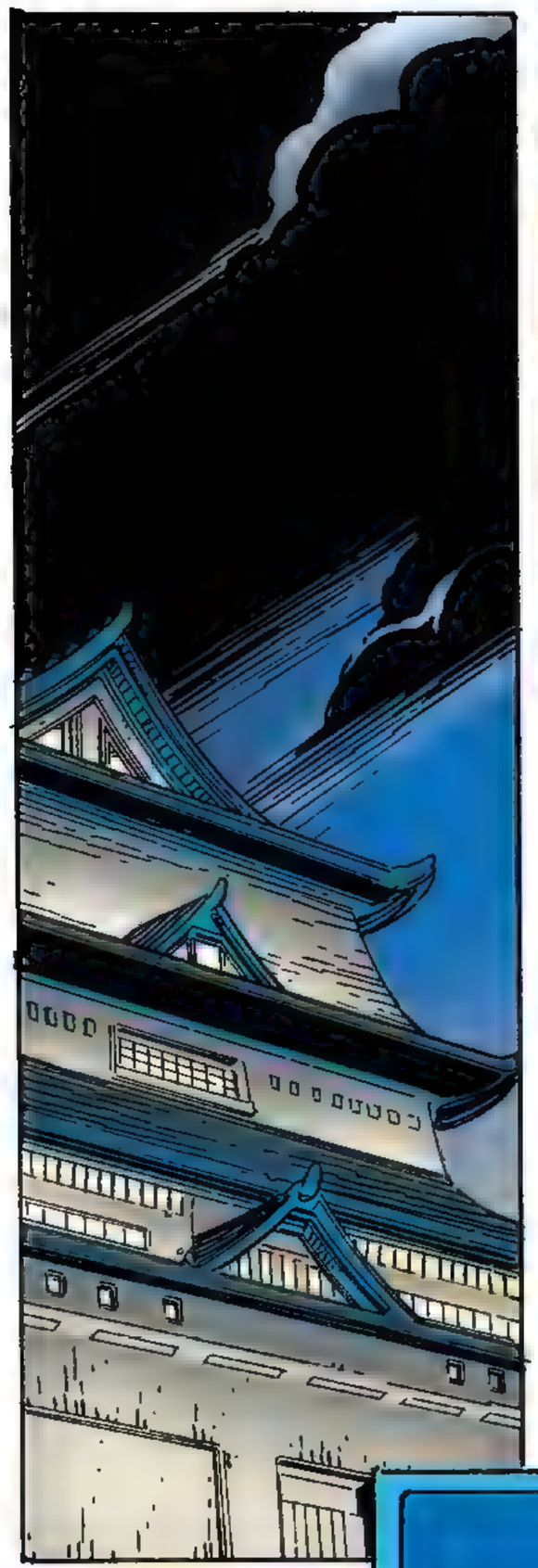
I HAVE AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OVER YOU.
I'VE WATCHED REVENGE OF THE NINJA, LIKE, 250 TIMES.
I'VE STUDIED THE MOVES.
AND WHEN IT'S NOT REVENGE OF THE NINJA, IT'S AMERICAN NINJA...
...OR NINJA III: THE DOMINATION...
...OR GYMKATA...
SOMETIMES, I'M NAKED WHEN I WATCH THEM...
...BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.
WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS--
--I'VE GOT SKILLS.

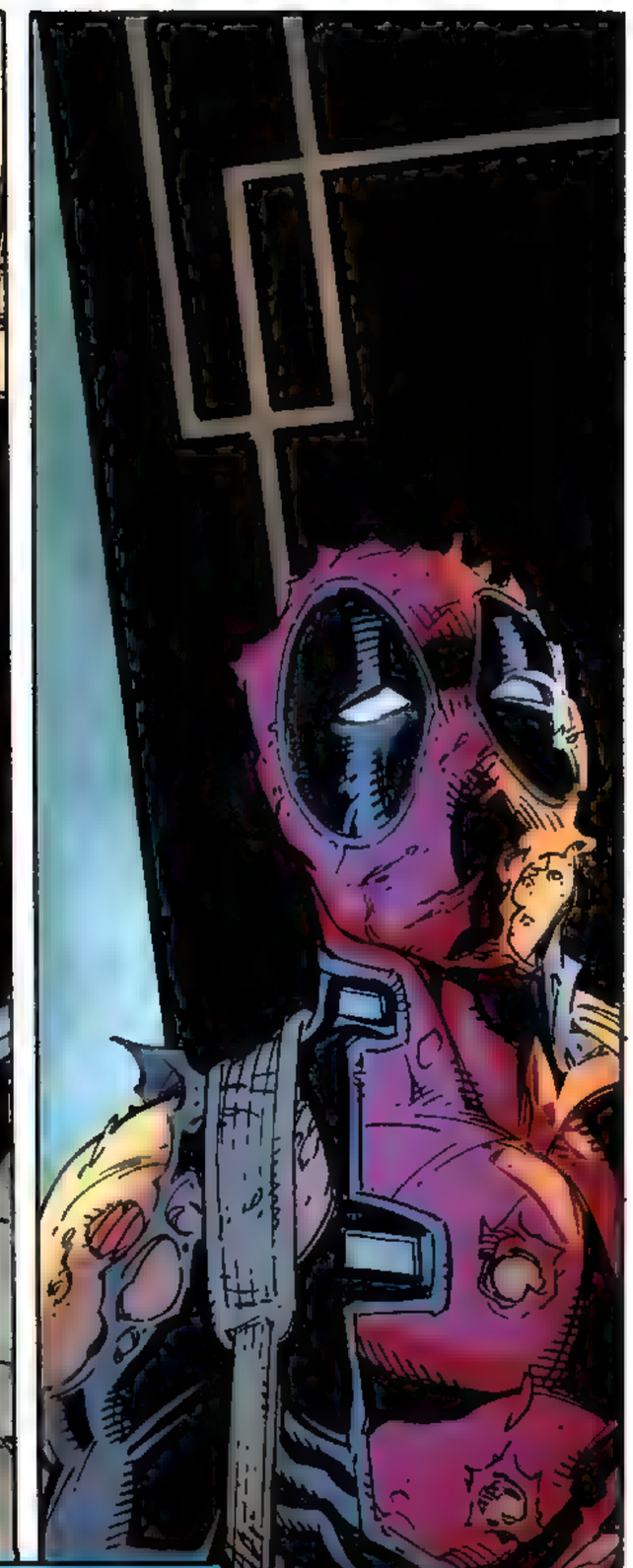
WHOA!
YOU GUYS HAVE IRON FISTS?
THAT'S SO NOT FAIR!

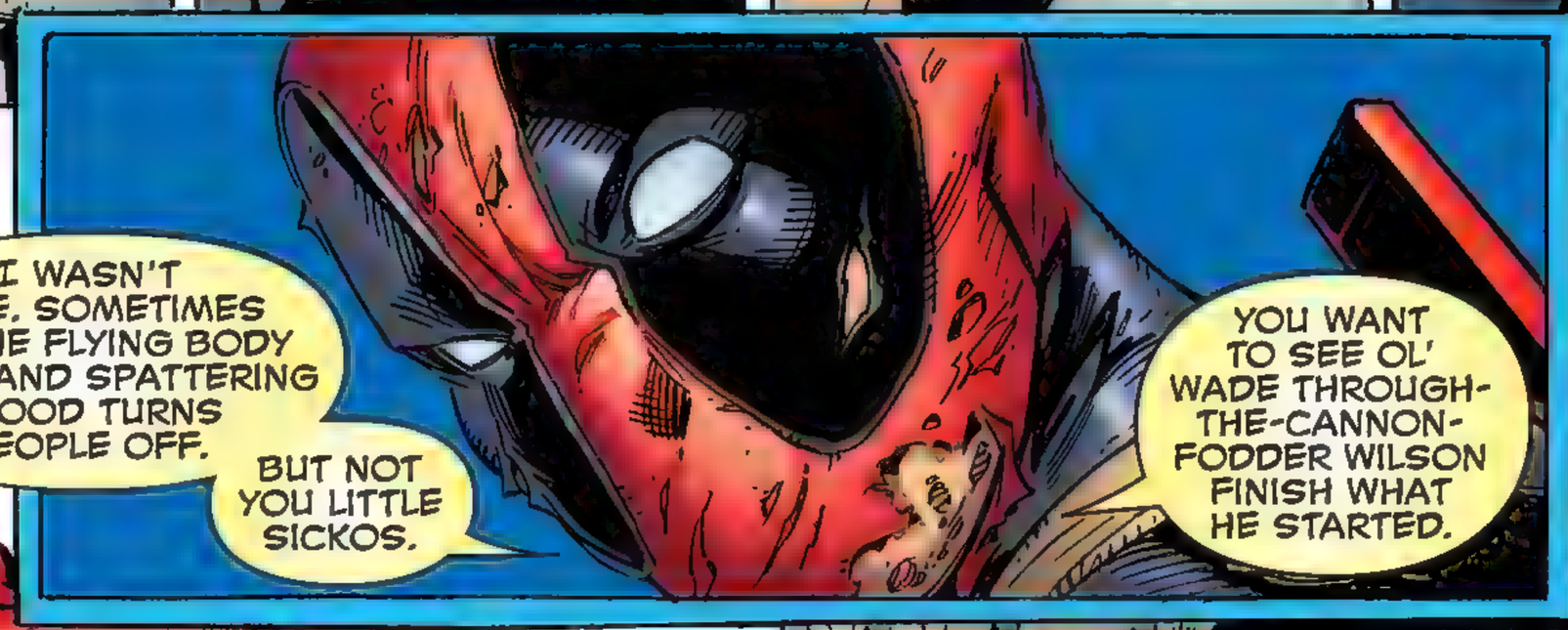
YIIII--
I ADMIT, I ADMIRE YOU GUYS.
YOUR COMMITMENT TO TRAINING...TO THE CODE...TO UNCOMFORTABLE SHOES...
...AND NOW TO WEIRD BIOTECH WETWARE?
THAT TAKES SOME SERIOUS--
SHRAKKOW


HNNF!

TANK-TAK-TANK-TNK
KRAKOOM
IS THAT... ALL YOU GOT?






OH, HEY THERE. YOU'RE STILL WITH ME, HUH?
I WASN'T SURE. SOMETIMES ALL THE FLYING BODY PARTS AND SPATTERING BLOOD TURNS PEOPLE OFF.
BUT NOT YOU LITTLE SICKOS.
YOU WANT TO SEE OL' WADE THROUGH-THE-CANNON-FODDER WILSON FINISH WHAT HE STARTED.

I LIKE YOU GUYS. YOU HAVE A STANDING INVITE TO MY ISLAND ONCE I BUY IT.
IT'LL BE STRICTLY TOPLESS, THOUGH.
BOTTOMLESS, TOO.
AND IT'S A NONSTOP BRING-YOUR-OWN-CHEESE-PUFF KIND OF PARTY.

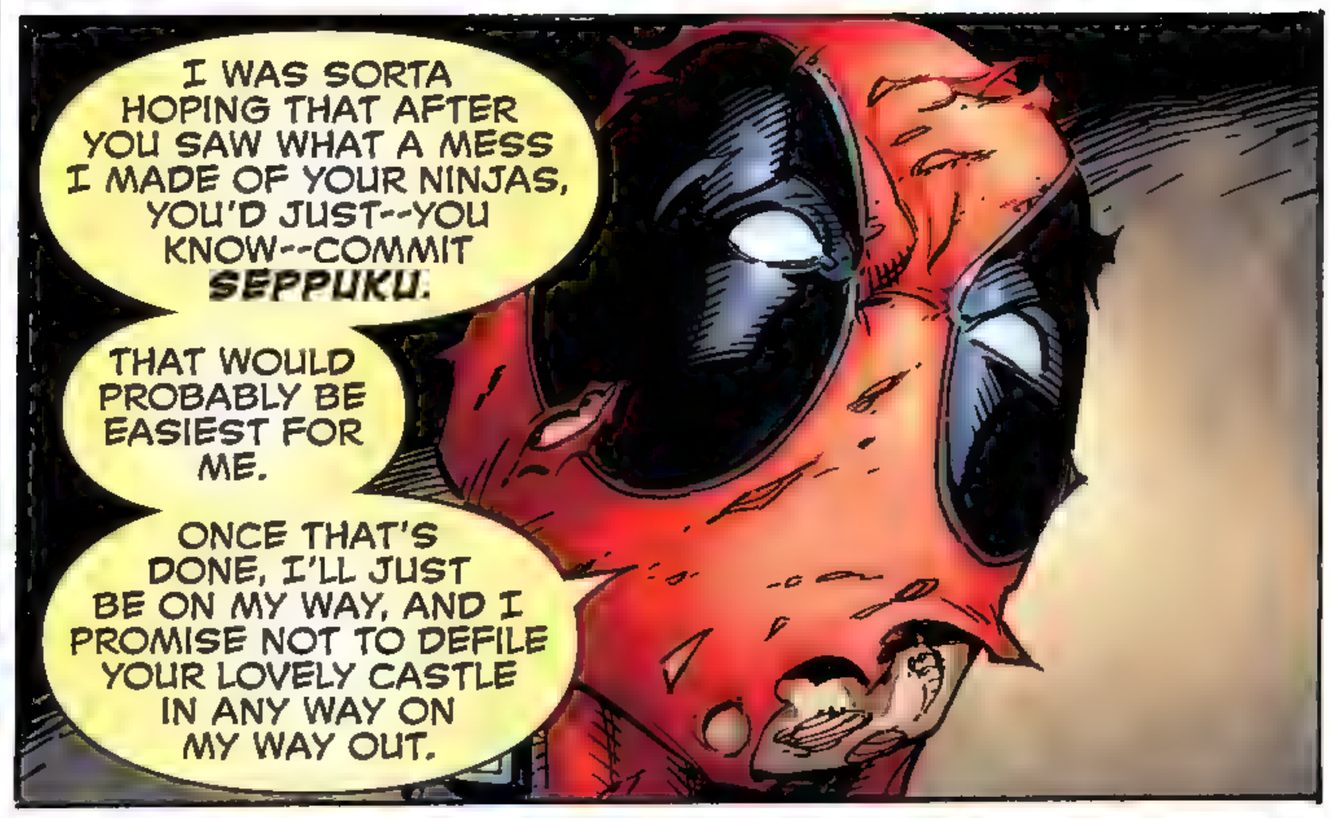
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S FINISH THIS.

SO, YOU ARE THE ASSASSIN SENT TO KILL ME?

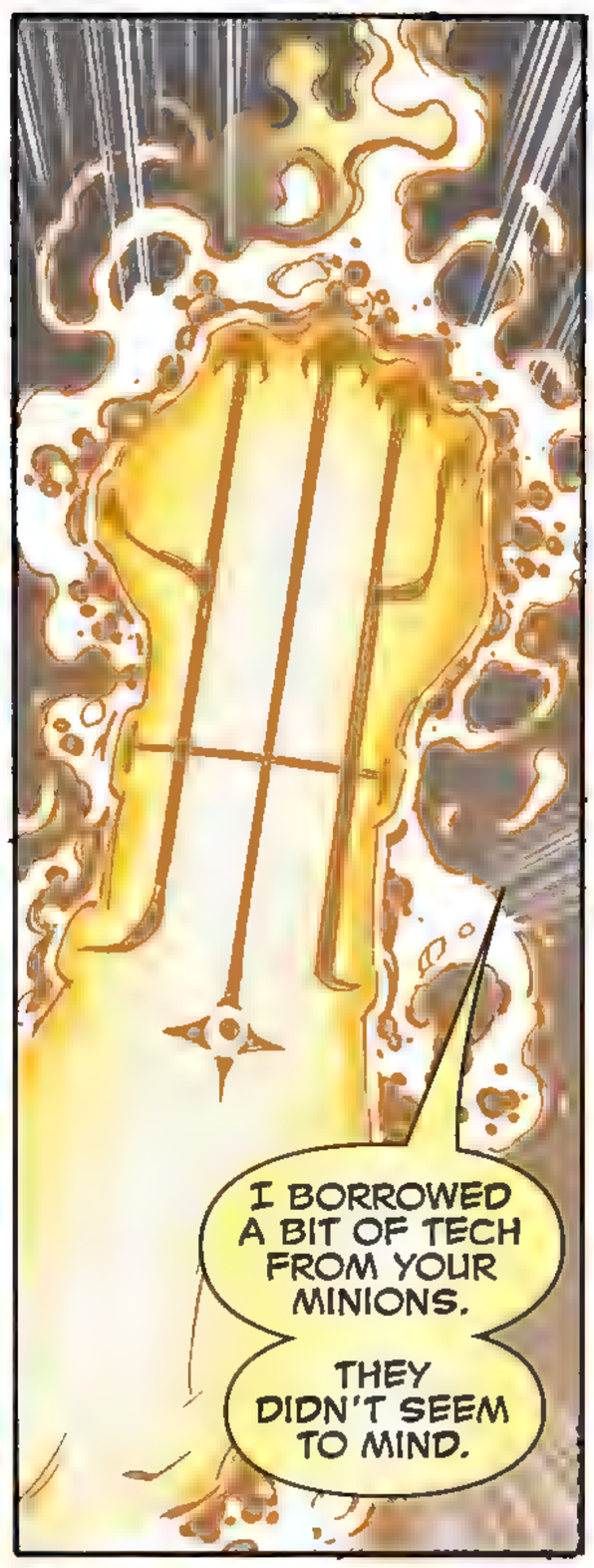
I MUST SAY, I AM *UNIMPRESSED.*

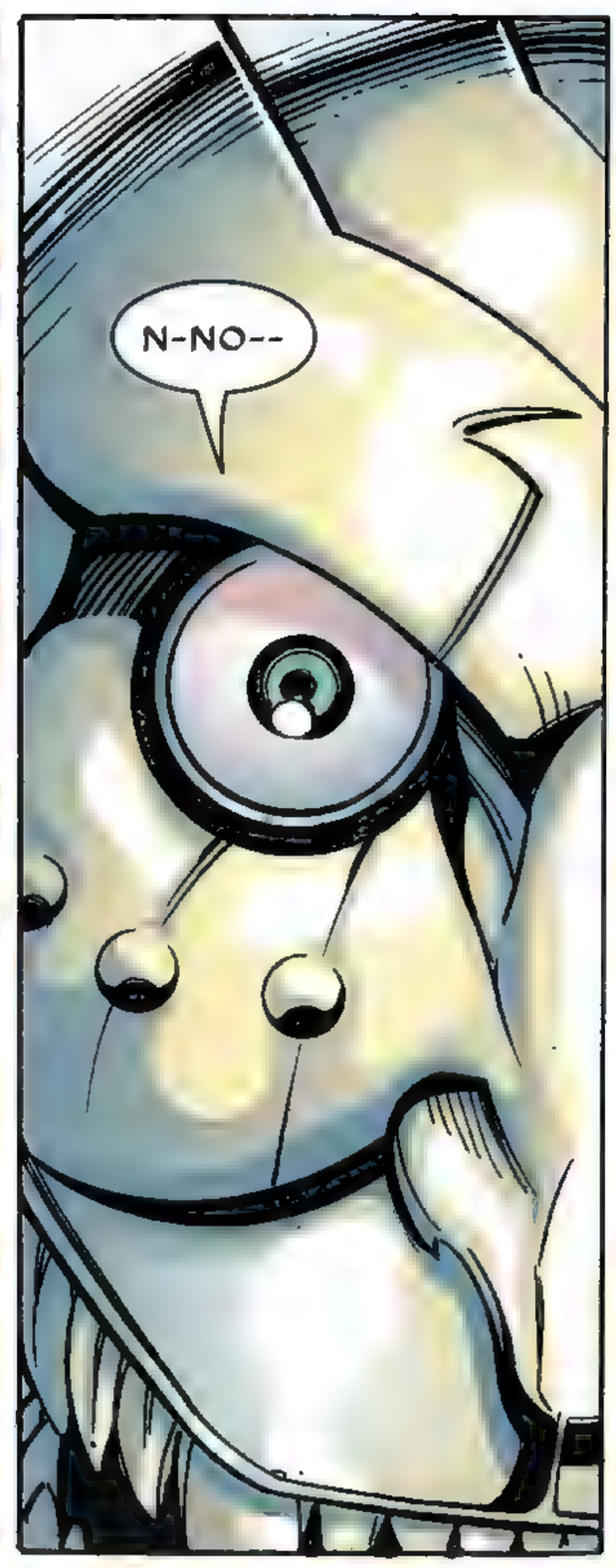
YOU LOOK AS IF YOU CAN BARELY STAND.

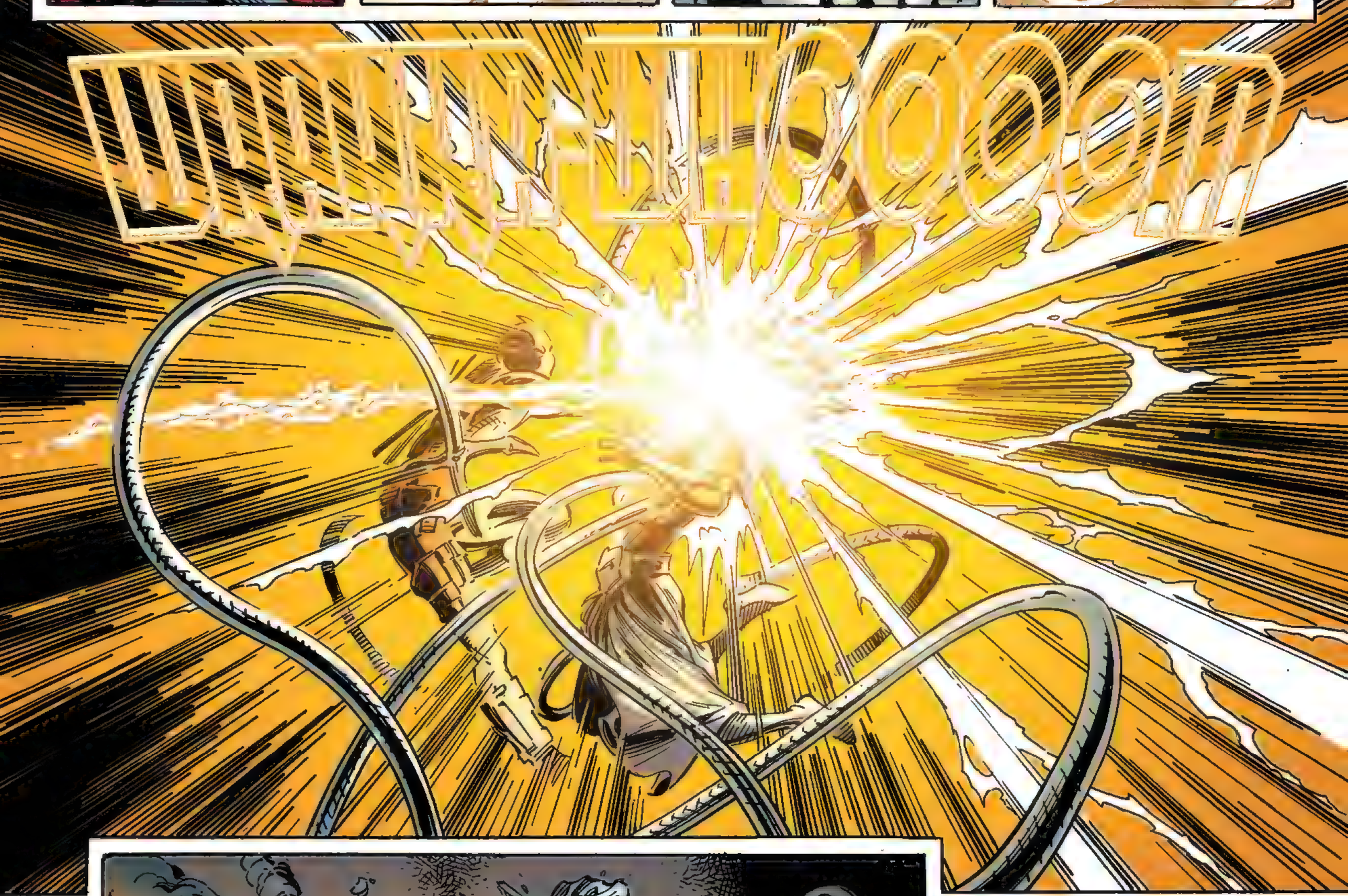
HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO CHALLENGE ME?

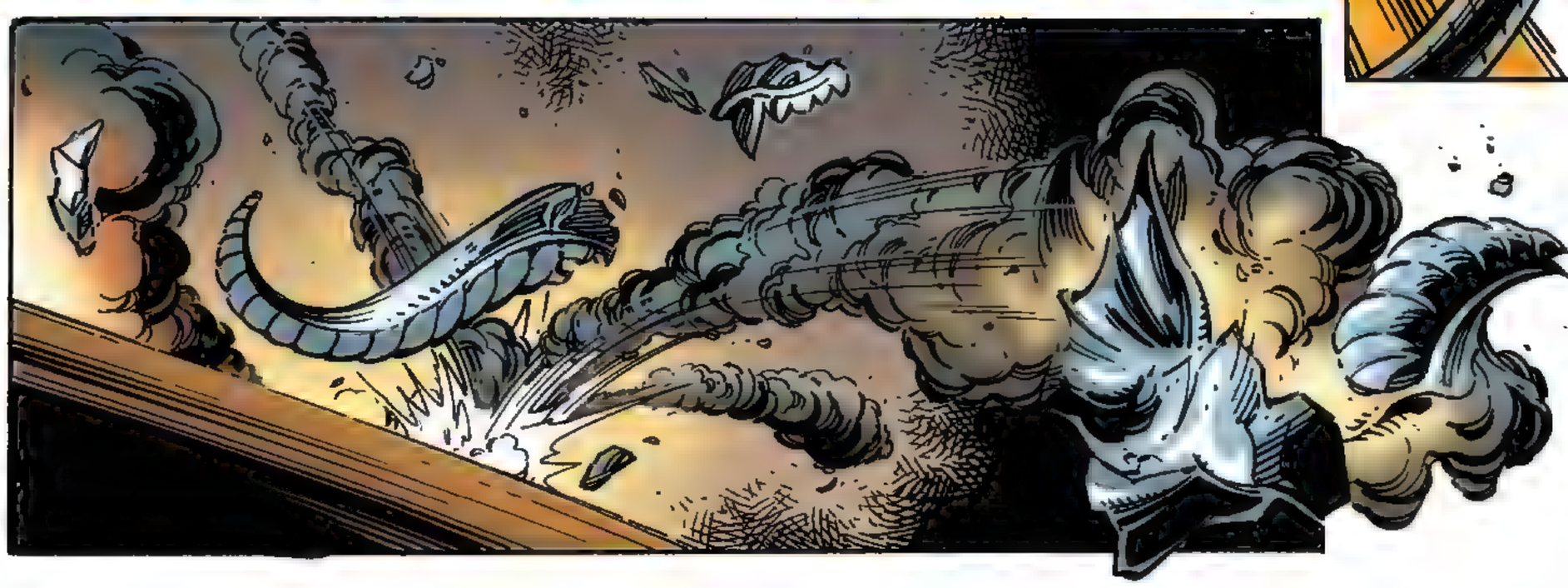


...YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE PULLED ME IN THIS CLOSE.


I BORROWED A BIT OF TECH FROM YOUR MINIONS.
THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND.


N-NO--


UNDERWORLD



I AM... THE IMMORAL... DEADPOOL-FIST...

...SWORN DEFENDER OF THE PEPE'S HOUSE OF TACOS...

...THE DESTROYER OF MULTIPLE BASKETS OF NACHOS...

...W-WEASEL...

...HELLO, WEASEL...ARE YOU READING ME?

I NEED A PICKUP.

I THINK MAYBE...

...I'M LOSING A LITTLE BLOOD.

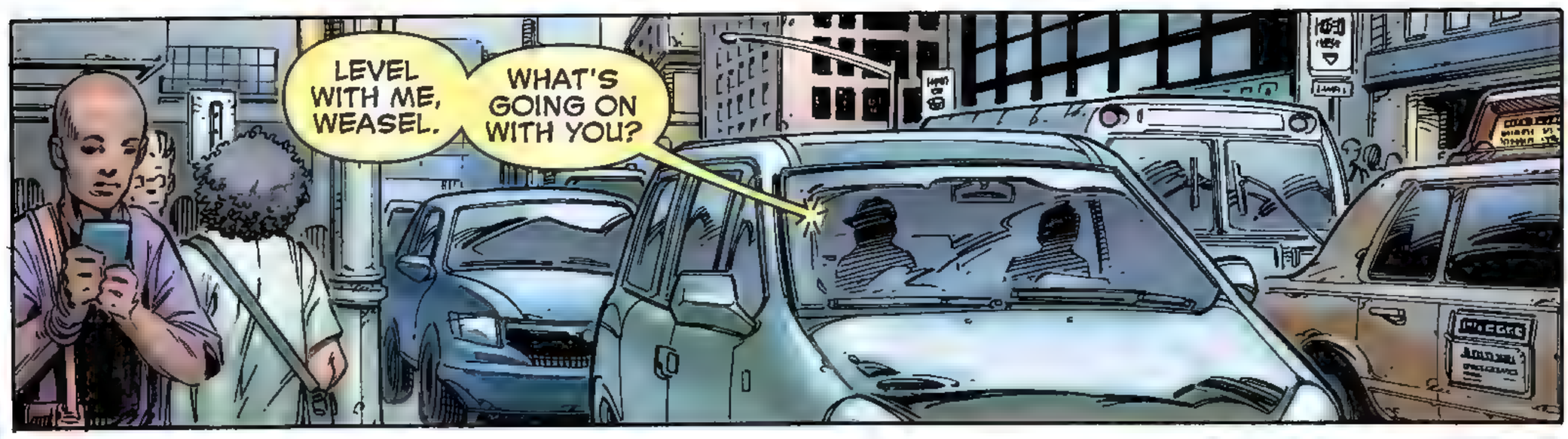
DOES ANYBODY HAVE A BANDAGE I COULD--

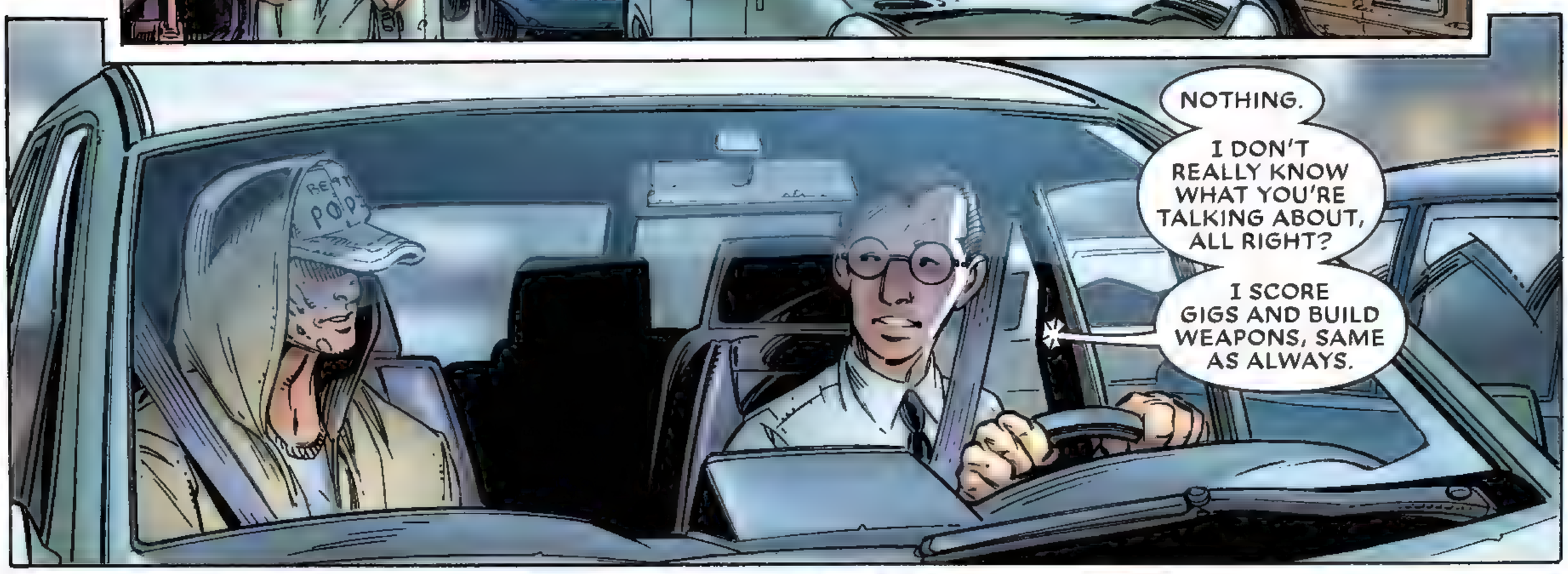
THIS IS NICE...

...MUCH BETTER...

...BUT YOU'D THINK AFTER I KILLED A MEAN OL' NINJA-LORD I'D AT LEAST GET A MINT ON MY PILLOW...

...SO TOTALLY WRITING ABOUT THIS ON YELP WHEN I...

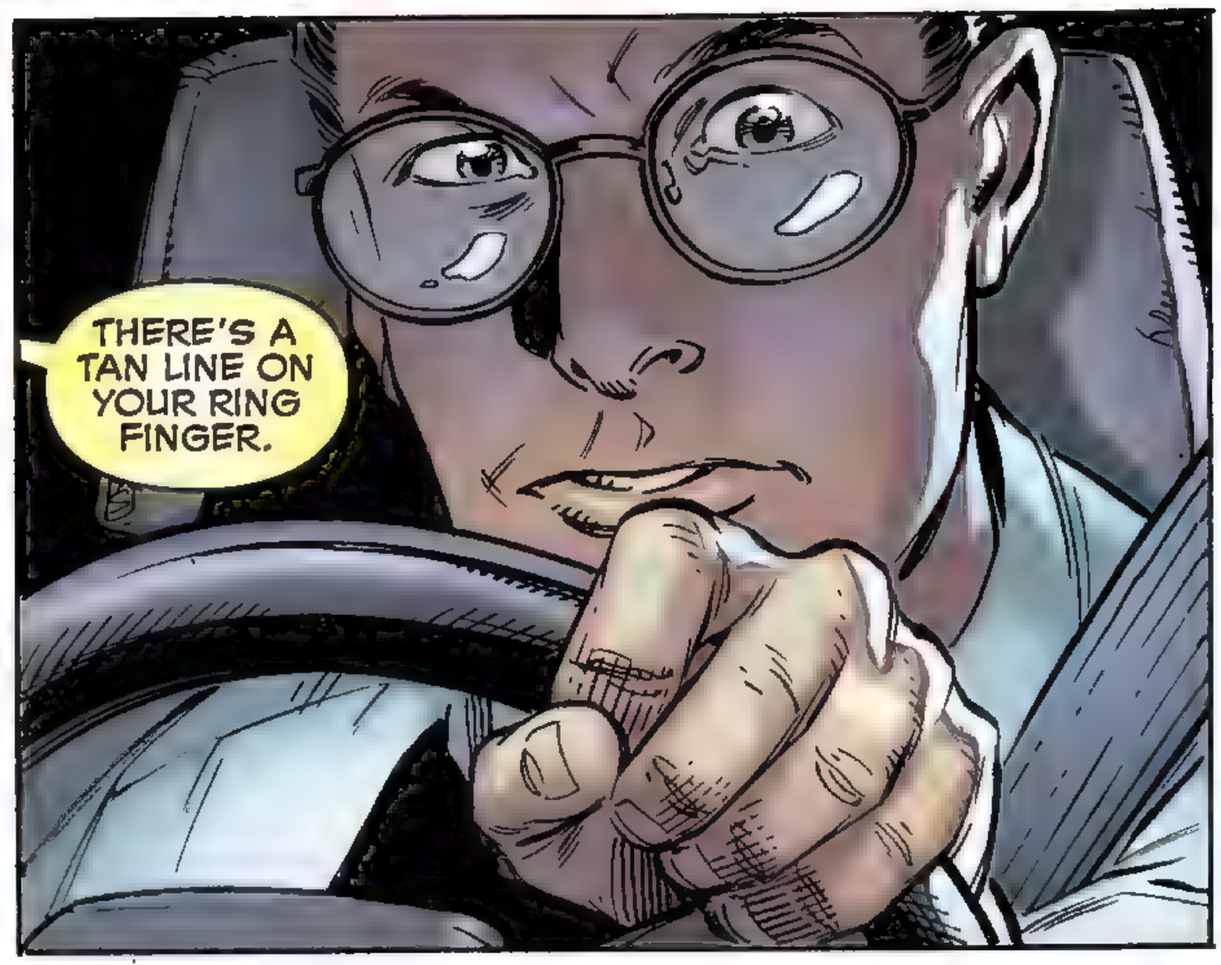

LEVEL WITH ME, WEASEL.
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU?

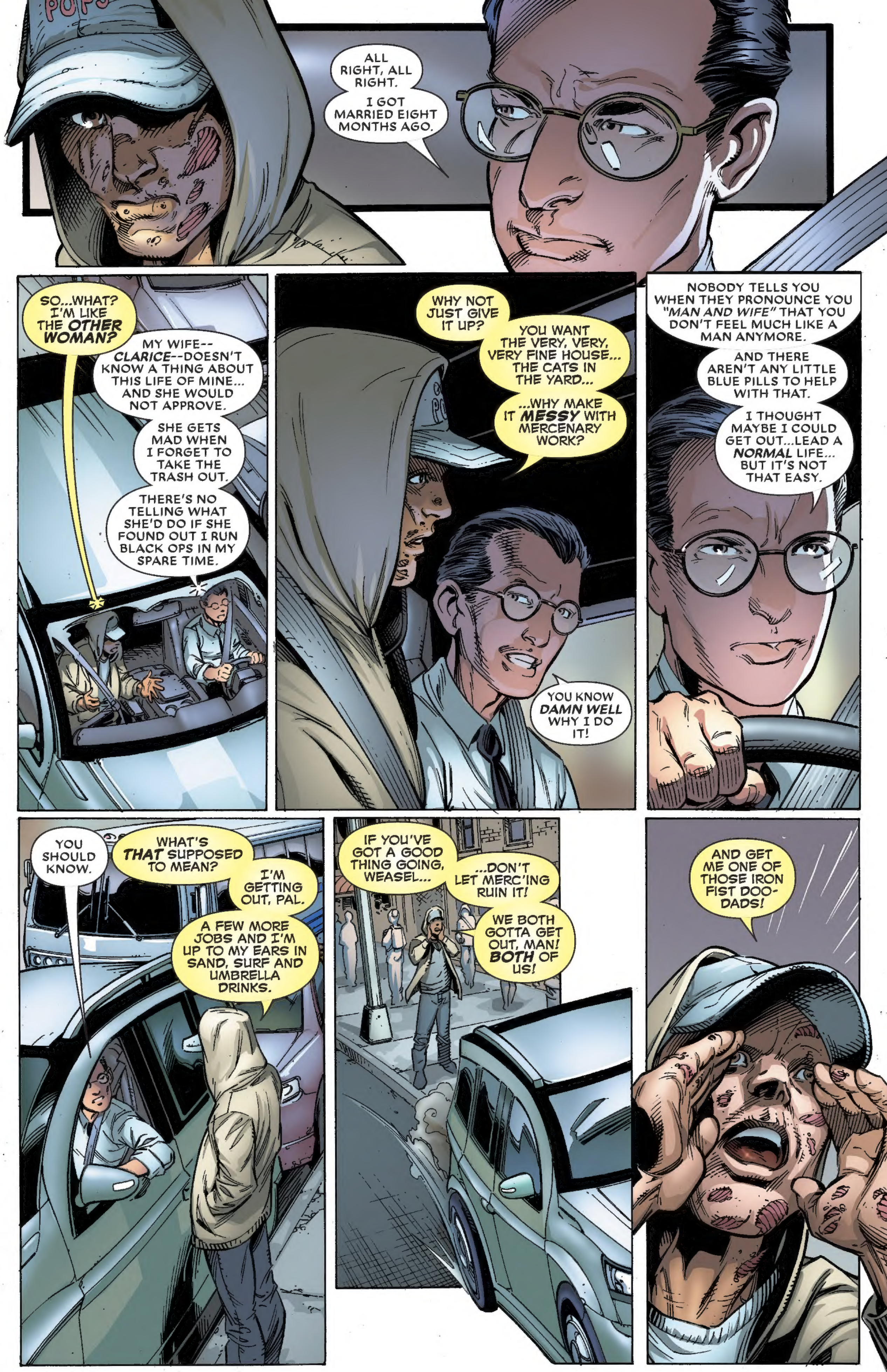

NOTHING.
I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, ALL RIGHT?
I SCORE GIGS AND BUILD WEAPONS, SAME AS ALWAYS.

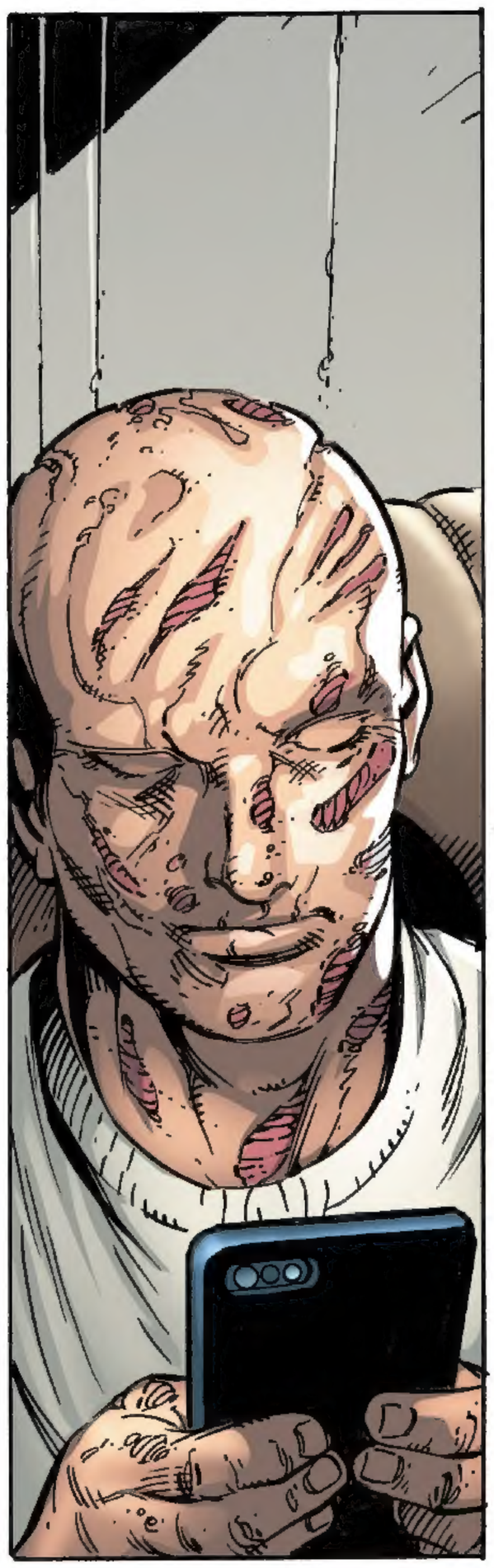
UH-HUH.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
GET OUT OF THERE!
A MAN'S GLOVE COMPARTMENT IS HIS OWN BUSINESS!
IF YOU'RE NOT HIDING SOMETHING--

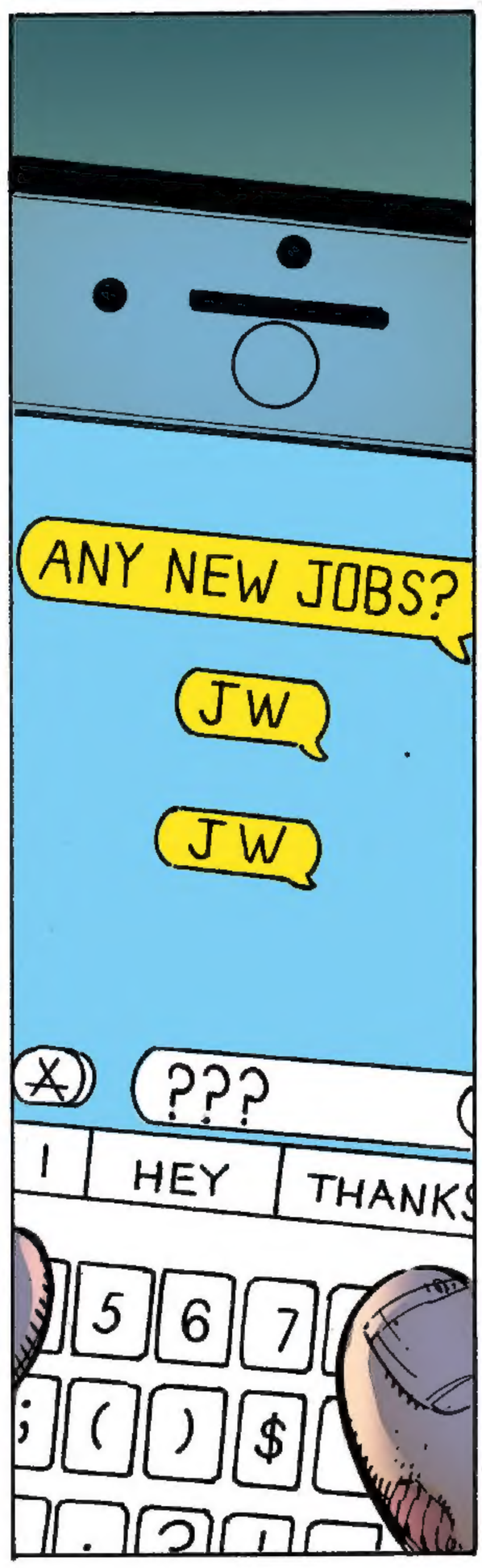
--THEN WHAT'S THIS?
AW, MAN.
HOW DID YOU KNOW?


THERE'S A TAN LINE ON YOUR RING FINGER.


ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
I GOT MARRIED EIGHT MONTHS AGO.
SO...WHAT? I'M LIKE THE OTHER WOMAN?
MY WIFE--CLARICE--DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS LIFE OF MINE... AND SHE WOULD NOT APPROVE.
SHE GETS MAD WHEN I FORGET TO TAKE THE TRASH OUT.
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT SHE'D DO IF SHE FOUND OUT I RUN BLACK OPS IN MY SPARE TIME.
WHY NOT JUST GIVE IT UP?
YOU WANT THE VERY, VERY, VERY FINE HOUSE... THE CATS IN THE YARD...
...WHY MAKE IT MESSY WITH MERCENARY WORK?
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHY I DO IT!
NOBODY TELLS YOU WHEN THEY PRONOUNCE YOU "MAN AND WIFE" THAT YOU DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE A MAN ANYMORE.
AND THERE AREN'T ANY LITTLE BLUE PILLS TO HELP WITH THAT.
I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD GET OUT...LEAD A NORMAL LIFE... BUT IT'S NOT THAT EASY.
YOU SHOULD KNOW.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
I'M GETTING OUT, PAL.
A FEW MORE JOBS AND I'M UP TO MY EARS IN SAND, SURF AND UMBRELLA DRINKS.
IF YOU'VE GOT A GOOD THING GOING, WEASEL...
...DON'T LET MERC'ING RUIN IT!
WE BOTH GOTTA GET OUT, MAN! BOTH OF US!
AND GET ME ONE OF THOSE IRON FIST DOO-DADS!



ANY NEW JOBS?
I
HEY
THANKS


ANY NEW JOBS?
JW
JW
???
I
HEY
THANKS

SPLAT
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

DEADPOOL Assassin

#2

ZONE